et for the ioy of gods deere
nes, vvho sitt here by the brookes
f this vvorlds Babel, & vveepe vvhen
they thinke on Hierusalem vvhich
is on highe.

By W. L.

Let the vvord of god dvvellin
ou plenteouslie in all vvisdome tea-
ching, & admonishing your owne selues in
Psalmes, & Hymnes, & spirituall songes, singing
vvith a grace in your harts to
the lord.

Colos. 3. 16.

30
2 25
100

BRITISH MUSEUM

To all ſuch of the Congregation
both men, woemen, and children o
diſcretion that are of the English nation
reſiding at Hamborough that ſeeke, & ſerue
god in ſincerity vvithout hipocriſie
or faction.

Grace be giuen in Chriſt

BLeſſed, & beloued in the
lord. The Chriſtian ſobriety
& cõfortable charitie vvhich
I obſerued in my table brothers occa-
ſioned the cõpoſing of theſe hymnes. It
vvas their goodnes to make them
publique for the benefitt of others alſo.
They are all deuine ſongs, yea from
meditations of the ſcripture are
they dravvne. If you ſhall vſe them in
your priuate families to gods glorie,

ur owne solace, & to the instructiō,
edification of your children I haue
e end of my desire. Receaue them as
e symptomes of my soules affection
the generall aduancment of gods
uice, to the priuate consolation of you
your children, & to the praise, and
nour of our owne mother tongue.
bus in the midest of manie harshe
nes of grudge, and despite I haue
arned to tune the songs of Sion. For
hich I praise god, and shall neuer
se to pray for your blessednes in the
ing mercies of Iesus Christ his
uours. resting

Yours in the lord

W. L.

Of ſeauen ſtraines, or ſtrings
t to the tone of ſeaven ſobs, and
ſighes of a ſeaven times ſeauen ſ d
ſoule for ſinne, and is to be ſong in
the tune of

I life mine hart to thee.

PSAL 25. or.

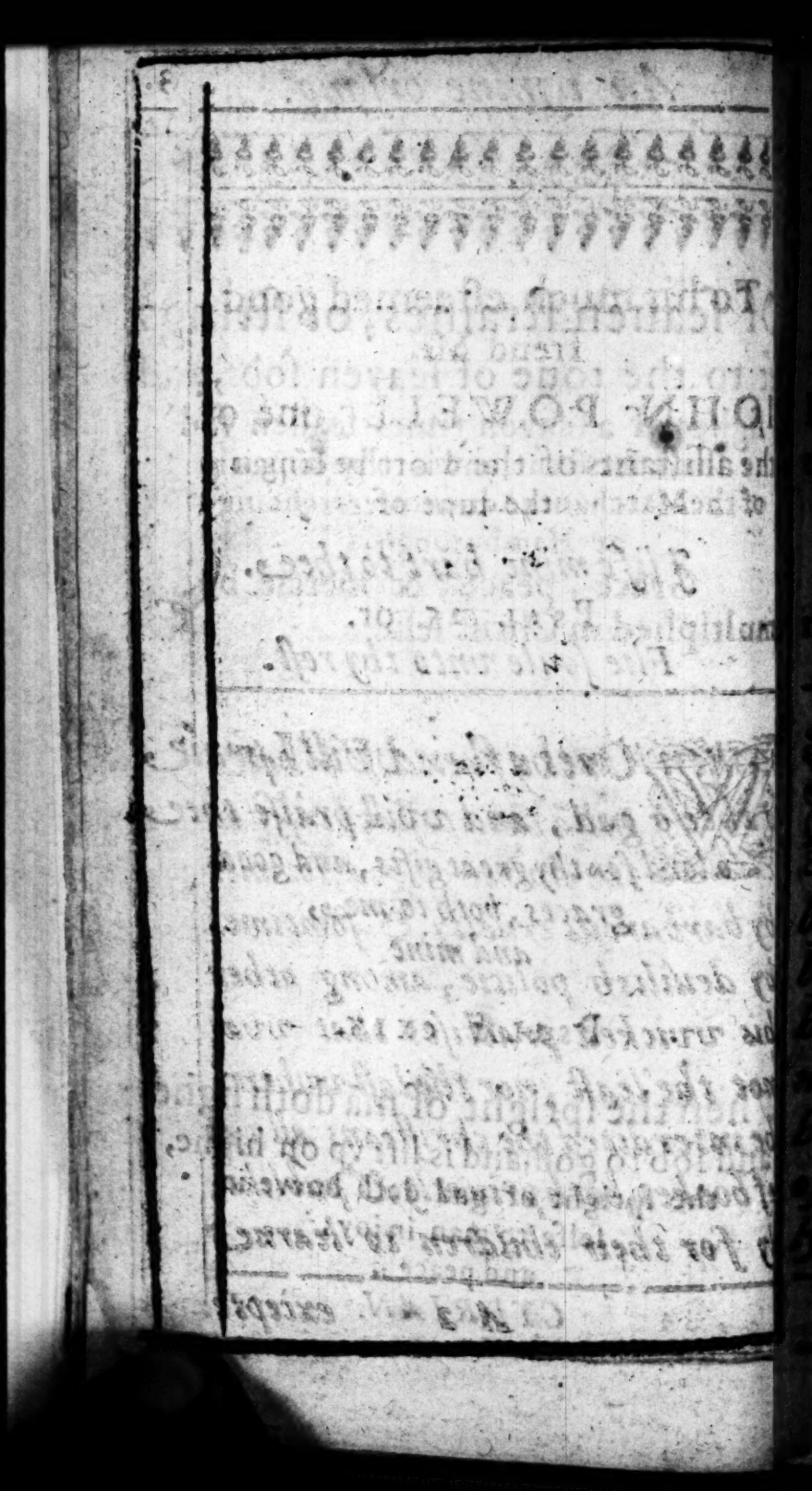
Flie ſoule vnto thy reſt.

Seauen times a daie vvill I praie
to thee o god, and vvill prâiſe thee
o lord for thy great gifts, and good
graces, both to me,
and mine

PSALM CXIX.

When the ſpright of mã doth ſighe,
and ſob to god, and is lift vp on highe,
the ſpright of god doth bovve it
ſelfe to man in ioy,
and peace.

CYPRIAN.



To his much esteemed good frend Mr.

OHN POWELL one of he assistants of the worthy cõpanie of the Marchants Aduenturers residing at Hamborough.

Grace, peace, & mercie be ultiplied in Christ Iesu.

Worthy frend. When Iulia the Apostate infested the church of god, sõtimes by barbarous cruelty, & somtimes by deuilish policie, among other his wicked practises that was not the least, nor the last when he interdited the christians all vse of bookes, both priuatly, & publikely for their children to learne

excepte Poetry. It pleased almighty
god in that distresse of his church
to stirre vp a learned man one
Apollinarius a singular Meta-
phrast to put into heroicall Greeke
verse all the psalmes of Dauid by
vvhich blessing the children of god
had vse, and comfort of that excel-
lent booke of the psalme, & the
tyrants decree tooke noe hold of
thē, because novve it vvas become
deuine poesie, & poetry they might
read. Which shevves vnto vs gods
especiall, & singular providence for
his church vpon all occasions. And
novve albeit (god be blessed)
there is noe cause to complaine
either of any such Apostaticall
povver, for vve haue an Apostolic-
call king, nor of any such vvicked
pollicy, for vve haue had kings, &
Quēes nursing fathers, & nursing

mothers of our church; yet in these Halcyon daies of ours I haue presumed to metaphrase some passages of Dauid psalmes as an Essay to knovve vvhether vve might expresse our harts to god in our holy soliloquies by mõasillables in our ovvne mother tongue, or no. It being a receaued opinion amõgst many of those vvho seeme rather to be iuditious, then caprichious, that heretofore our english tongue in the true idiome thereof consisted altogether of Monasillables, vntill it came to be blended, and mingled vvith the commixture of Exotique languages. And I my selfe haue seene all the lord prayer vsed in the tyme of John Wickleefe to be expressed in vvords of one sillable. And becquse gods children did reckon seauen tymes seauen yeares

before they could enioy their yeare of Iubile. I haue made alluſion in this little Eſſay to tune forth ſeaue tymes ſeauen ſad ſobbs for ſinne, that vvhen vve haue ſpent the remaynder of our vvretched dayes of our pilgrimage here, god may in his mercie vvipe avvay all teares from our eyes, & bring vs to our eternall Iubile in his glorious kingdome. Which god grant to you, to me, & to all Chriſtian people for his ovvne rich mercie ſake, and the ſatisfactory meritts of Ieſus Chriſt our lord Amen.

Written from my ſtudie vvithin the English houſe at Hamborough Jan. 24.

Yours becauſe you are of Chriſt.

WILL: LOE.

LOrd heare my suite, my plainte, 1.
That my soule makes to thee.
Lord in thy truth one looke of grace
Grant in thy loue to me.

Lord see the moane I make, 2.
Looke on me in thy grace,
Let not my sighes come backe in
But shewe to me thy face, (vaine

Loe I was borne in sinne, 3.
My kind, my shape, my all,
My stocke, my stocke, my selfe from
O Lord from thee did fall. (birth

And I poore soule am sett 4.
In greefe, in paine, in woe,
My sinnes come on, my soule doth
O quitt me of my foe. (faint,

5. My sinnes the haires doe passe
That are set on my head,
My hart doth feare, and faint, and
And I am as one dead. (faile

6. Thus goe I greeud, and goord,
And frett in hart, and spright
Thus am I faint vvith feare, & death
My sinnes they doe me fright.

7. The deeds that I haue done
Are sett in vevve of eie.
My faults, my thoughts, my sinne
(my shame
Thy lavves thy lookes doe spie.

I. Sighe.

O that my thoughts, vvords, vvorkes, and vvaies vvere made so straight, and right, that I might keepe thy lavves o lord all the daies, & nights of my vvhole life so should I be clere, & cleane from the guilt of sinne, & shame.

O God if thou ſhouldſt vvaighe 1.
My vvaies, and take a vevve,
ould not ſcape thy rod, thy vvrath
I ſhould in vvoe it rue.

iudge me not I pray, 2.
O sheeld me from my fall,
r in thy ſight none iuſt doth liue
No none I ſay at all.

rge is thy loue to me, 3.
For it vvith thee I treate
grant me it for Chriſt his ſake
Gainſt ſinnes ſo huge, ſo great.

Chriſt vvhat vvight doth knovve? 4.
His ſinne, & faults of life
cleanſe me from my ſinnes at (once
Which are in me moſt rife.

5. And keepe me lord I craue
Leaſt ſinnes doe ore me ſvvay,
So ſhall I then be free, and faine,
To keepe thy lavve for aie.

6. This lord of thee I beg
To thee I hold vp hands,
And hart, & ſoule, both thirſt, & gape
As doth the drought in lands.

7. As maids doe vvatch, and vvaite,
On Queenes ſome grace to haue
So doe I lord both day, and night
For grace both beg, and craue.

2. SIGHE.

O that there vvere ſuch an hart in me to feare thee, & to keepe all thy lavves that it might goe vvell vvith me & mine for aye.

LOrd turne thee to thy grace, 1.
That once thou shewedſt to me
O ſaue me not for my good acts
I ſeeke, I ſue to thee.

My ſoule vvhy doſt thou faint? 2.
And art vvith greefe ſoe preſt?
My hart, my mind, vvhy doe you (thus
Fret ſore vvithin my breſt.

Truſt ſoule to god for aye, 3.
And thou the time shalt ſee
When thou shalt thinke, & thanke (him ſtill
For health, & peace to thee.

For vvhy his vvrath doth laſt, 4.
A ſpace, and then doth slacke
But in his face, & grace for aye,
Thou canſt not ioy long lacke.

5. Though gripes, and greefes full ſore
Doe lodge vvith thee all night
Yet ioy, and grace ſhal be at hand
Ere that the day be light.

6. The lord is kind, and meeke
When vve doe make him greeue,
He is full ſlovve his vvrath to ſhevv
Great grace he doth vs giue.

7. And loe vvhat loue good men
To their ovvne ſeede doe beare,
Like grace the lord doth ſhevve to
As ſearue him in his feare. (ſuch

3. SIGHE.

O that I had vvings like a doue (my ſvvete loue) that I might fly hence to thee, & ſo be at reſt both in mind, in thought, in hart, in ſoule, and in mine vvhole.

THE lord that made me knovves 1.
My ſhape my mould my luſt
ovve vveake, hovve vaine, hovve
(fraile, hovve fond,
And that I am but duſt.

O god in me ſet vp 2.
A pure hart in thy ſight,
And eke in all my parts let be
A good, and meeke ſvveete
(ſpright

With thy ſvveete ſpright of povver 3.
Cure thou o lord my ſore,
And I ſhall teach the good, and ill
To bovve to thy ſvvete lore.

My ſoule doth pant, and bray 4.
Mine hart is neere at reſt
It ſeekes to knovve thy lavve thy
(vvill,
And vvhat may pleaſe thee beſt.

5. O vvould it might thee pleaſe
My vvaies to ſett in right
That I might both in hart, and deed.
Thy lavves to keepe in ſight.

6. O lord I doe tend ſtill
My daies, my time to ſerue
That I, nor mie may haue a thought
From thy lavves once to ſvverue

7. O ſaue me then o god,
Looke on me vvith thy health
For that I rate at ſuch a price
More thē the vvide vvorldswealth

4. Signe.

O let the vvords of my mouth, the thoughts of my hart, the tune of my voice, & touch of my tongue be euer in thy ſight o lord as a ſvveet ſmell for Chriſt his ſake both at morne, Eue, & none daye.

WIth ioy lord of the Iuſt 1.
Let my poore ſoule be fraught
That I may liue in peace, and glee,
And free from all thats naught

Lord keepe me for in thee 2.
I ſtay, and ſtand and feed
Thou art my god, and of my goods
O lord thou haſt noe need

I giue them to the Saincts 3.
That in the vvorld doe dvvell
Yea to the folke of faith, and loue
Whoſe care is to doe vvell.

My hart is preſt for aye, 4.
And eke my tongue is ſoe
I vvill raiſe vp my ſoule in ſong
In ſpight of hell, and foe.

5. To praiſe my god that hath
Shevvd loue and life to me,
And made me ſcape both bloud, &
And ſoe did ſett me free. (blovv

6. O lord vvhat shall I pay
To thee for this thy grace
I vovve to thee, my ſelfe, my life
My loue, and all my race.

7. Grant lord I beg, and pray
In thee that vve may reſt
So shall our ſoules ſing to thy prai
And aye in thee be bleſt.

5. Sighe.

O my god vvhy art thou gone
from me, and vvhy doſt thou hide th
ſvveete face from my prayer for
ſeeke thee, & ſue to thee vvith all m
hart, and that thou knovvſt full vvell.

MY soule giue praise to god. 1.
My spright shall doe the same,
nd all the parts of hart, and mind
Shall praise for aye his name

ue thankes for all his gifts 2.
Shevv soule thy selfe most kind,
nd let not his good deeds to thee
Once slipp out of thy mind

e quitt thee of thy faults 3.
He rid thy life from death
s good, his grace doth vvaite on
(thee
His vvord doth giue thee breath

If thou vvert brought to graue, 4.
And turnd to mould, & dust
t he vvill giue thee life in store
As he to thee is iust.

5. Teach me then, lord to knovve
Thy lavve, thy loue, thy lore,
Thy vvorkes, thy vvords, as signes
Ile lay them vp in store (seal

6. O day of ioy to me
When I learnd first to knovve
Hovve for to scape my selfe, my sin
And hell that is foe lovvé

7. I giue mine all to thee,
My bud my branch, my fruite
I beg of thee, o lord, my god
To grant to me my suite.

6. Sighe.

O my god to thy hands I giue
spright thou hast bine a pledge for
and that to death o god. Thou art th
the god both of my health, life, & r
for aye.

) Lord thou hast me tride, 1.
And day by day dost knovve
y thoughts, my vvords, my lookes
(my deeds,
My sighs, my groans, my vvoe.

y bones they are not hid 2.
Thou knevvst them all each one
r in thy note they vvere all vvrote
Each ioynt, and bone, by bone,

ie still, and search mine hart, 3.
My thoughts proue day, & night
d if the ill doe touch me lord
O leade me to the right.

r thou canst rule my raines 4.
As vvhen I vvas in vvombe.
gude me in this life of mine,
And rest me in my tombe.

5. Keepe me from men that muſe
Of bloud of bane of ill,
O let me thinke of thee o lord,
And hovve to doe thy vvill.

6. So ſhall noe ſhame me taynt
My corps, my goods, my nam
So ſhall I reſt in ioy, and peace,
And touch noe blot of sham

7. So ſhall thy folke for me,
Be glad, and ſing thy praiſe,
So ſhall my ſelfe, my ſeed, my ſo
Be thine in all my daies.

7. SIGHE.

O let not my ſuite come in v
to thee, but heare o my god, an
to my ſoule I am, and vvill be thy
from hell, thy port from the ſea o
vvorld, and vvill bring thee to th
of bliſſe.

noudmbr y 26
Rikndd thdn with
Goodd Soury & thord
due to md Sands Lawb
upon all accounts — 0 — 4

To Thinke on death, & muſe
in the graue, that the feare of death
may not be fierce vvhen Chriſt ſhall
call vs out of this vvorld, & is to
be ſong in the tune
of.

I ſayd I vvill looke to my vvaie.

PSALM XXXIX.

death I vvill be thy death (ſaith
Chriſt) for he is the death of death, the
death of ſinne, the life of man, & the
breath of god for man to liue
there in vvorld vvith
out end.

HAMBOROUGH Januarij 24.
1620.

To his much reſpected good frend Mr.
HOMAS BARKER one of
e aſſiſtants of the worthy cõpanie
f the Marchants Aduenturers reſiding at Hamborough.

The bleſsing of both vvorlds in
riſt Ieſus.

Elbeloued. There is
nothing more comfortable
to a ſpirituall minded mã
n to muſe, & meditate of his
arture hence into the bleſſed
bt of Chriſt in the other life:
to a vvordling that vvould
ld up a reſt for his body here, &
g a requiem to his ſoule in this
le of teares nothing is more

fearefull, & hiddeous then for h
to beare death spoken of. We m
therefore examine our selue
vvhether vve can sing a song of
in this exile, and banishmẽt, vvh
ther vve can solace our selues,
hymnes, & songs of our ends,
departure hence. For vve m
hence Nothing more sure, but
tyme vvhen, the place vvhere,
the manner hovv Nothing mor
vnsure. It is sufficient that
telleth vs our life is but a flov
that fadeth, an hovver th
passeth, a shadovve that depart
a vanity that vexeth, a momẽt
vvarneth, a nothing vvhen vv
haue done all vve can. For
thoughts, our faults, our purpo
our proiects, our loues, our li
vvhen our breath departe
perisheth in the twvinckling o

O then let vs meditate, & muse
our selues, and sing, & say to our
les, that our end, & the last
ngs are not the least, but the best
ngs that vve can consider of to
rtifie vs, & make vs meete for
e sauing mercies of god in Christ,
vvhich I recomend you in my
areſt loue, & reſt.

Yours in life, & death.

W. Loe.

Feare soule thou hast thought of thy end 1.
And nowe muse on the way,
The first part is a life well spent,
The last is deaths doomes day.

Shall I call that the way of woe 2.
By which we passe to blisse?
Sure there is noe way but that
To bring me where Christ is.

And what is death nowe dost thou thinke? 3.
But downe with all the sticks,
Of which this earth, & tent of ours
Is made, that gainst god kickes.

Death is the fare well of old frends, 4.
Till they meete to be blest,
Death is the iudge to quitt frō iayle,
The soule that longs for rest.

5. Death makes the corps of clay
But vvakes the ſoule to ſee, (slee
Death payes the debte, & reares
And all to ſett thee free. (bon

6. There is a death of deaths my ſoul
The death of hell, and vvoe,
But Chriſt his death hath payd
His vvord doth tell thee ſoe. (th

7. O Chriſt my ſoule doth thinke on
(the
And thankes thee day, and nig
That thou haſt rid me frō this dea
By thy great povver, and migh

1. THOUGHT.

Thy Chriſt o ſoule hath ſet them
free vvho through feare of death vvere
all their life time in bonds and thrall.

HEB. 2. 15.

) Muse my soule sith thou art safe, 1.
Get home ene to thy rest,
or god to praise in songs, & psalmes
I hold it for the best.

y soule howe canst thou feare to goe 2.
In stepps where Christ hath bine;
e hath to graue led thee the way
O then leaue of to sinne.

or hire of sinne is death, and graue 3.
To death are deepe fell wayes;
here needs noe kinues, noe cords, noe swords,
It comes on nights, and dayes.

ne by a slatt, a flye, a grape, 4.
One by a bit of meare
ne by the ayre, a flowver, a thorne
Comes to his doome so great.

5. Why then my ſoule feare not th
The ſting of it is loſt (deat
The bed of graue is ſvveete, and ſaf
Through Chriſt his care, & coſt

6. Our ſinne made death our foe at laſt
Our frend Chriſt hath it made;
By death vve paſs the port of reſt
When all things elſe doe fade.

7. What if this giude doe lead my
(corp
Through graue both darke & feſ
Whiles at that tyme my ſoule doth
(liue
And vvith my Chriſt doth dvvell.

2. THOUGHT.

O my ſoule ioy, & be glad for thy Chriſt hath made thee ſay to death, o death vvhere is thy death, o graue vvhere is thy povver.

1. COR. 15. 55.

WHat if my frends doe mourne (for me 1.
And ſobb, and ſigh in moane;
What if my ſeed doe crie, and roare,
And greeue, and vvaile, and grone?

This vvhile my ſoule ſees him that (vvas 2.
Once dead but novve doth liue,
And that for aye my Chriſt in god,
My lord that life doth giue.

What care I vvho doth shutt mine 3.
Whē death doth make me ſee (eies
As I am ſeene of god in Chriſt
And then vvith him shall be.

What if my life the vvorld doe not 4.
Set out in vvords of fame
Vhiles I liue vvith the god of life
What care I for the ſame.

5. If death shovvld still be foe to me,
He harmes but my vvorſt part;
My beſt part farre out of his reach
Scornes both his ruth, and dart.

6. And more then this my corps once (dead
Feeles noe more ſting of death;
But then my ſoule is free, and liues
In god by Chriſt his breath.

7. Novve then my ſoule ſith thou do (bear
Tvvo things vvrapt vp in breaſt
Lett each part turne, and goe, & ſeek
His ſeate, his ſcite, his reſt.

3. THOUGHT.

O god they that dvvelt in a darke place by thee haue ſeene the light, & they that vvalkt in the shade of death thou haſt brought them to the light vvith great ioy, & peace.

ESAY. 9. 2.

Hrinke not deare ſoule at ſight of (death 1.
Nor faint thou at gods call
ovve oft haſt thou hard bells to (paſſe
For frends, for foes, for all.

ovve oft haſt thou the ſicke bede (ſeene 2.
Of vvights in woe moſt rife
ovve oft haue things bine done to (death
And all to giue thee life.

nd canſt thou hope that ſome vvay (elſe 3.
For thee is made in ſence
Vhé kings, & Preſts, & rich, & poore
And all muſt thus goe hence

aſſe on my ſoule, & ſing, & ioy 4.
In god that makes the graue,
A place for thee to paſſ to bliſs
And knovves vvhat thou vvouldſt haue.

5. Hovve oft haſt thou ſeene eies ſ
And heard by dint of ſvvord (clo
Hovve oft vaine men in field ha
In fence of a vaine vvord (fou

6. What thē novve doſt thou feare m
The ſtage of death is bed, (ſou
And graue that reſts our bones i
That here on earth haue fed (pea

7. Let them feare death vvhoſe hart, &
Is more ſicke thē their face (min
Hovve canſt thou feare ſince novv
(thy Chri
Hath shed his bloud for grace.

4. THOUGHTS.

O giue me light that am ſet in darke place, & shade of death, and giude me by thy good grace o Chriſt to the vvay of peace.

LUCK. 1. 79.

WHat loſſe is this ſvveet ſoule to (looſe 1.
This corps this flesh, this skinn?
hen thou shalt vvinn thy god in (Chriſt,
Thy ſelfe freed from thy ſinn.

hen thou shalt ſee the ſoules the 2.
n ioy, in reſt, in bliſſe (Saincts
hē thou this vvorld a ſea of ſinne
A ſinke, a ſtye, shalt miſſe?

change moſt bleſt for thee to 3.
To rid thee of theſe raggs, (knovve
nd thy ſelfe clad in robes of ſtate
In ſpight of death his brags.

his skin, this shame, this duſt, this 4.
(dung,
This earth, this mire, this clay
all shine as ſunne in raies of reſt
When thou shalt ſee that day.

5. Thine eies that vvere full ſad to
Thine oft, and ill done deeds;
Shall then ſee Chriſt ſtill in thy
Where grace, & good ſtill

6. Theſe eares that heare the ruth
Of tongue, as hott as hell; (ra
Shall then the voice of Chriſt
(hea
And ſaincts vvith him that dvve

7. And thē this tongue that novv do
Of greefe, of vvoe, of gall (pla
Shall tune a part in that ſvveet qu
With Chriſt, vvith ſaincts, vvith

5. THOUGHT.

O my ſoule thy Chriſt hath took
part vvith fleſh, & bloud, that by dea
he might beate dovvne him that had t
povver of death.

HEB. 2. 14.

1.

Ovve vvhat is death thé say my
Ist not a sleepe in graue? (soule
ey that did feele the vvorst of it
The stile of sleepe in graue.

2.

d aske thy corps, o my svveet
Whé full vvith toyle of day, (soule
it hath not bine glad to rest
As cloyd vvith a foule vvay.

3.

nd novve in this svveete sleepe of
Thou art sure to be blest (death
hy like a child vvilt thou not goe
To this thy bed thy rest?

4.

idst thou ere see a bird in cage,
Sitt still vvith in the grate?
hat might flie foorth to vvoods, to
(groues
To meete his loue, his mate?

5. Did Paule vvhen god his gyues
And rid him out of iayle?
Crie out, & say, not yet o lord
I doe not like this bayle.

6. Paule slepte tvvixt tvvo that did
But vvhē that he vvas free
And rid frō iayle did he once
To iayle those bonds to see.

7. O my svveete soule didst ere thou
At sea men sing their songs
And vvhē to lād they cāe did
And tell their frends of vvrong

6. THOUGHT.

O heare me o lord, my god, &
light to mine eies least I sleepe the
of death.

PSAL. 30. 3.

Ast thou o soule no mind to rest 1.
In all thy paine, and toyle?
vvilt thou still goe on, & drudge
y lott on sea, on soyle.

ve oft haue vvights in vvoe, & 2.
(greefe
ought death to ease their paine
h death found thee, & vvilt thou
o goe from greefe be faine (not

h name of death the fright my 3.
hat if mé call sleepe death (soule
lt thou be fraid to close thine eies
Or feare to loose thy breath.

hat hurt vvill cõe to thee by that 4.
he first man vvas in sleepe
é god a vvife made him for helpe
he man in ioy to keepe.

5. And vvhat if novve thy god forti
Whilst thou dost sleepe in gra
Doth make thy soule a spouse
His face, his grace to haue (Ch

6. My death o soule but parts the fr
That each hath led the vvay,
And novve shake hands but for
Till meete in rest thy may. (I

7. Goe then my soule to this sure ga
Part vvith a frend a space
The tyme vvill come vvhen this
Shall see thy Christ his face. (d

7. Thought.

The due of sinne my soule is de
& graue, & hell, but the gift of god is
ioy, and blisse by Christ my lord, & go

Rom, 6. 13.

Ell me my ſoule vvas thou not 1.
At firſt to ioyne vvith me? (loth
ny novve art loth to part vvith
(that,
Which much vvoe letts thee ſee:

oſt thou not heare the vviſe to ſay, 2.
The day of death is cheefe;
id is more good then day of birth
Which brings thee vvoe, & greefe,

oſt not thou truſt the vviſe mans 3.
On throne in ſtate in glee, (vvords
hat thus did ſay of death, & birth
Then harke thou once to me.

he lord of life that knevve deaths 4.
Doth ſay that they are bleſt (force
har die in god, our lord, our Chriſt
And from their vvoes haue reſt.

5. O death hovve ſvveete is that thy
Tovvights in vale of teares (reſt
Hovve ſvveete is thy grim face to
That liue in vvoe, & feares ? (thoſe

6. O ſoule vvhat man is ſo fell mad,
And ſo in ſoule caſt dovvne?
To hide himſelfe in baſe things here
To looſe by them a crovvne

7. My ſoule then ſee, & ſay in fine
With men of gods ovvne lore:
For me, to die it is more good
Then liue on this ville shore.

8. Thought.

O my ſoule if by one mans ſinne death did raigne by one, much more they vvhich haue much grace, & the gift of faith ſhall raigne in life by one, Chriſt my lord and god.

Rom. 5. 17.

WHat ayles thee o my ſoule, my deare, 1.
Such face, ſuch feare to shevve?
Novve death doe come to cite thee,
Is all thy faith, but devve home

Is death ſoe fearce, ſoe fell, to eies, 2.
To thoughts that vvas ſoe free;
It is a shame to thee my ſoule
Thou doſt noe more Chriſt ſee.

Where is thy faith? in vvords thou 3.
Call oft for death in life couldſt
Is all but talke? is all but ſmoke?
Where is thy hope ſo rife?

Hath thy ſvveete Chriſt novv ſent for 4.
And art thou loth to goe? thee
Rouze vp thy ſelfe for shame o ſoule
And doe not ſerue him ſoe.

5. O lord raise vp this hart of mine
That faints, & droopes in death
O that I might thy cup once tast,
And liue in thy svveete breath.

6. The spright vvould come, but flesh
(is vveak
Lord helpe this guest of thine,
And rid her from this flesh of sinne
Which is a broode of mine.

7. I come to thee, o lord I come
Streach forth thine hand to me,
O death, o graue vvhere is thy sting
My crovvne, my god I see.

9. THOUGHT.

They are blest that haue a part in the first life for on such the last death shall haue noe strength but they shall be preests of god, and of Christ.

Apoc. 20.6.

FINIS.

Metphraſed into words of one ſyllable of great Brittains language, & are to be vſed by a devout Chriſtian ſoule in his priuate ſoliloquies, & holy ſolaces vvith his god.

And are ſet to the tune of

I loue the lord becauſe my voice.

PSALM CXVI.

O lord my god thou haſt brought vp my ſoule out of the graue & thou didſt hold me from thoſe that goe downe to the pitt.

To his much esteemed good frend Mr.

NICHOLAS BACKHOUSE

marchant one of the assistants of the worthy companie of the Marchant Aduenturers residing at Hamborough.

The ioy of Ierusalem, & peace of Syon.

MUch endeered. The cheefest parts of gods seruice are either prayer or praise Prayer for vvhat vve vvant. Praise in thanksgiuing for vvhat vve haue receaued.

The svveete singer of Israell in his heauenly composed hymes vseth both to pray to god, & to praise god. I need not recomend vnto you

prayer I hope you vse it as I know
you doe publikely for I doubte no
but you vse it also priuately
Preaching is gods speach to you
Prayer is ours to him. Preachin
belongs to me, I preach to you
your pastor, & pray for you also
Prayer belongs to you to pray for
me, your selfe, all yours, all god
childrē. For the manner howe no
better president, noe more perfect
patterne, then S. Paulls practice
his prayers, vvhich I haue here
metaphrased for you in the syllable
of your owne mother tongue. G
the father is the objecte of you
prayers, & prayses. God the sonne
the presenter of them as the on
master of requests in heauen. G
the holy ghost the very breath
your prayers, the simle of you
soule. Vse this blessed exercise

of prayer, & praise. Be in loue
with it, & god will loue you. To
which loue of his in this model of
my best loue to you I recomend your
well disposed thoughts in the
saueing mercies of Christ Iesus your
Lord, & mine. Resting

To be required by you, or your
frends in Christs seruice

W: LOE.

I ceaſe not to giue thankes to thee, 1.
O god my god moſt iuſt
For all thy gifts of grace, & loue
To vs that liue in duſt

And lord I craue a glympſe of light 2.
In Chriſt my lord thy ſonne
That ſo my faith may ſee that ſight,
And ſo it ſtill may runne.

That I may knovve thy becke thy 3.
My hope, my helpe, my all. (call
That I may haue thy povver, &
To helpe me vvhen I fall. (ſtrength

For thou o god haſt made vs ſee 4.
What thou haſt vvrought in loue
For thy ſvveete ſpouſe thy church
(thy vvife
Thy ioy, thy ſimle, thy doue.

5. For thou hast set our Christ, o God
At thy right hand to shine,
And thou to that place vvilt vs bring
For that deare loue of thine.

6. O god thou laidst my Christ full
With in the earth so darke (lowe
But thou didst raise him vp on high
And settst him as a marke.

7. On vvhich vve fixe our eies of faith
Our harts, our minds, our loue
O bring vs all to him svveete god
That is our deere, our doue.

O god my hart is fixt on thee, and my tongue shall sing, & giue praise to thy name for aye.

Psal. 108. 1.

I day by, day doe bovve to thee 1.
And ceaſe not in the night
To ſeeke thee lord in all my (thoughts
And muſe of all thy might

For of our Chriſt is nãde the church 2.
Of vs that liue in clay,
And eke thy gaurd, & ſaincts on high
That praiſe thee day, by day.

Graũt vs o lord that vve may knovve 3.
Thy grace, our good, our end
And that vve may feele povver, & (ſtrength
And Chriſt may be our frend

Let him dvvell in our harts o lord 4.
And then vve ſhall thee ſee,
With all thy ſaincts in breadth, & (length
In depth, in hoight, in glee.

5. Then ſhall vve knovve the loue of
That elſe is paſt our skill (Chriſt
The shalt thou fill vs vvith thy grace
In him to doe thy vvill.

6. O lord for vs this thou canſt doe
And more then all that is
Of thy good grace to vvorke in vs
In Chriſt hovve should vve miſſe.

7. Praiſe be to thee in all the vvorld,
Thy church doe ſing the ſame,
And age to age shall eke ſett forth
For aye, to ours, thy name.

O god thou art my god ere it be day vvill I ſeeke thee my ſoule, & flesh doe thirſt, & long for thee as drie land vvhich vvants raine.

PSAL. 63. 1.

GRaunt to vs lord that loue may (dvvell 1.
In theſe poore tents of ours
For vve muſt hence vve knovve full
And fade as doe the flovvers

And graũt good lord that in thy loue 2.
It may grovve more, & more
That vve may knovve vvhat things
And lead not to thy lore. (are ill

So may vve in the day of doome 3.
In Chriſt be void of ſhame
And fild vvith his faire fruits of loue
May ſcape the rod of blame

Then ſhall vve ſing the praiſe to thee 4.
In midſt of all thy Saincts,
Then ſhall our ſoules be glad, & ioy,
That novve is vveake, & faints.

5. Iceaſe not lord to pray for thoſe
That ſeeke, & ſue to thee
That they may knowve howve ſafe, &
In Chriſt their ſoules may be ſure

6. And that vve all may vvalke, and
In vvord, in vvorth, in all (vvorke
As he that hath vs cald to this
And rid vs of our thrall.

7. Who hath vs fred from povver o
Frō foggs, & doggs of hell (death
And ſet vs by his chaire of ſtate
With Chriſt for aye to dvvell.

Saue vs o lord our god, & bring v
from thoſe that doe not call on thee th
vve may call on thee, & laud, & praiſe thy
name for aye.

PSAL. 106. 47.

THe lord our god our ſtrength & ſtay 1.
Make vs to loue each one;
And make vs knovve hovve that vve are
Made all of flesh, & bone.

That ſoe vve may grovve vp in grace 2.
And firme in hart, & minde
That ſoe to all vve may ſet forth
Our loue both ſure, & kind.

Yea not to ceaſe till that our lord 3.
Doe come in clouds full bright
To iudge this earth, & all the folke
Yea all the vvorld in ſight.

For is it not the loue of Chriſt 4.
Who did loue vs ſoe deare
That vve through hope of grace in him
Should loue voyd of baſe feare?

5. Lord be thou ioy to all our harts
Our vvords, our vvorkes good make,
That vve may loue, & liue in thee
For thy ſonne Chriſt his ſake.

6. O god of peace, of loue, of life
Grant vs to ſerue thee ſtill
In ſpright, in ſoule, in hart, in mind
And this of thy good vvill.

7. Yea keepe vs lord frõ blame, & blott
Till Chriſt doth come in skey,
So ſhall vve ſure be of thy loue
To liue, vvhen vve ſhall die.

Heare me o lord, & that ſoone for my ſoule doth vvaxe faint: hide not thy face from me: Leaſt I be like them that goe dovvne to the graue.

PSAL. 148. 7.

I thanke thee lord that hast sett 1.
In me a fight, a iarre; (nowe
My mind, my flesh, doe day by day
In strife sett forth a warre.

My mind to thy sweete lawe giues 2.
(way,
My flesh in thrall is brought,
My mind would keepe thy lawe,
thy lore.
And hath thy will still sought

But my base flesh is prompt, & seekes 3.
Thy lawe to cast me fro.
O god what shall I doe in this?
With me the case is so.

My mind would doe the god full 4.
That thy lawes shewe to me (faine
But still my flesh doth frett, & fume
Gainst this thy lawe to me.

5. For I doe not that vvhich I loue,
But I doe that I hate,
And all for that my mind is vext
With this my flesh my mate.

6. What shall I doe o lord my god
Ah vvretch vvho setts thee free?
Frō this fell death of sinne, & shame
That I thy grace may see.

7. I thanke my god vvho haue me sett
For his sonne Christ his sake;
To him for aye both night, & day
My hymnes, my songs I make.

O god that thou vvouldst beat dovvn the strong, & ill man that rules, & raigns in my vveake flesh that I may say to him goe farre from me.

Psal. 139. 19.

THe grace of god be all my giude 1.
His povver be all my staye
His strength eke be to me a staffe
By night, & eke by day.

For he it is that hath me taught 2.
That vvhich the vvorld nere knevve
Till Christ our lord vvas made to vs
Our lord, our god in vevve.

To god in hymnes still vvill I sing 3.
His praise is all my mirth
The vvorld shall sett him forth in-
In all parts of the earth. (praise.

If there be vvight that liues in life 4.
And doth not loue our god
Let him tast of the lord of hosts
His curse, his vvrath, his rod.

But

5. But let the loue of god, & grace
Of Christ, be vvith you all
That loue, & looke, & long for him
To rid vs of our thrall.

6. And let our god that brought fro(deat
Our Christ, our grace, our bliss
Set vs vvith saincts in ioy, in ligh
Where as our Christ nowe is.

7. So shall vve tũe in that svveet quir
Midst of those saincts in rest,
And see his saincts in light of ligh
And so for aye be blest.

O god let them that hate thee fl
from thy sight as the mist doth from th
sunne, but let them that loue thee be
glad, & ioy in thee.

PSAL. 68. 1.

O God vve are poore sheepe that 1.
In vvods, in vvaies of sinne (stray
ovve dovvne thine eare to vs, &
And rid vs of this dinne. (heare

hat vve may knovve thy grace in 2.
(Christ
That keepes vs as his flocke.
hat leads vs forth to streames of
And setts vs on a rocke. (ioy

hat soe vve may ore see this vvorld 3.
And all the things in it
nd then doe place vs vp on high
With him in ioy to sit.

raut vs good lord that vve may see 4.
The good that doth thee please,
o shall vve liue in hart in mind
In ioy, in rest, in ease.

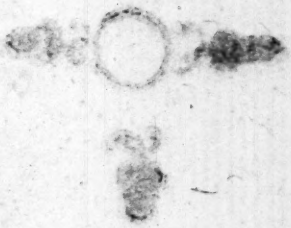
5. Graunt lord vvhat thou dost bid
That vve may doe the same (do
Bid vvhat thou vvilt, & graut vs gra
And vve vvill praise thy name

6. To Christ our lord the lambe of go
That shed his bloud for sinnes,
To rid vs from the feends of hell
And all their crafts, & ginns.

7. Be praisd of vs all tymes, & tyds
In vvoe, & eke in vvealth
And let the folke on all the earth
Giue laud to him for health.

O lord god of our health I crie d
& night to thee, let my grones come n
to thee, & bovve dovvne thine eare to
sighes that I make to thee.

Comedias to me



Or the Canticle of Solomon betweene Chriſt, & his ſpouſe, the tvvo firſt chapters, & is ſet to the tune of,

Bleſſed are they that perfect are.

PSAL. CXIX. 1. part.

To his much esteemed good freend Mr.

WILLIAM CHRISTMAS Marchant one of the deacons of the English Church residing at Hamborough:

Grace here, glory for euer in Christ.

LOuing, & beloued frend. The title of this heauenly hymne sheweth the excellency thereof. For it is called the song of songs, or the Canticles of wise Soloman. The subiecte is most sacred, for it is the nuptiall loue song betweene Christ, & his spouse. Wherein their mutuall loues by sweete resēblāces

are mystically, & maruelously expressed. What more comfortable song then to sing our harts loue we beare to Christ in the blessed vnion by one spirit wherby we haue euerlasting life. Two of the first chapters of which song I haue metaphrased into Monosyllables, which I haue bequethed to your loue as a signe of mine, & to seale both ours. Receaue it as the rest of your colleagues, for I wish you all the happines of both worlds in the sauing mercies of Christ to which I recommend you, & all that looke vpon you with loue resting.

Yours becauſe of Christ

W. Loe.

The ſpouſe ſpeakes to Chriſt.

O that thou vvouldſt on me ſo caſt 1.
Some lookes of thy ſvveete loue,
That thou maiſt make me deere to thee
My hart vvith grace to moue (

Thy loue o Chriſt is farre more deare, 2.
And farre more ſvveete to me,
Then wealth, or vvine, or limbe, or life,
Or ought that I can ſee.

The ſvveete that I ſmell of thy name 3.
Is like an oyle moſt pure,
And pourd it is on all thy ſaincts
Such is thy loue ſoe ſure.

Odravve me, dravve me, I vvill runne 4.
To bord, to bed vvith thee;
O pull me, pull me from my ſinne
O rid me, ſet me free.

The spouse speakes.

5. The good are glad in thee, thy loue
They long, and looke for still
They vvalke to thee, they talke of thee
And all to doe thy vvill.

6. Graunt this o Christ, and then vve shall
Be all in all that is,
And thou shalt find that none of vs
Of thy grace ought to misse.

7 O shevve me, vvhom my soule doth loue
Where thou dost feed at noone.
O vvhy should I thus freet, & feele
The losse of thee so soone.

Christ speakes to his spouse.

O Thou my church vvhom I doe loue, 1.
For vvhō I shed my bloud (
Thou knovve not vvhat thou dost (craue,
& hast not seene the good

Then gett thee to those flockes of 2.
where as they feed by those (mine
Vvhom I haue sett as giuds for them
That I in loue haue chose.

There feed, & fatt thy selfe vvith 3.
foode,
That Saincts doe touch, doe tast;
And tune their soules in thankes to (me
For loue that aye doth last.

For deere thou art to me my loue, 4.
For shape, for strength, for speede:
That none is like to thee my deere
In thought, in vvord, in deede.

Christ speakes to his spouse.

5. Those parts of thee vvhere loue doth (looke
Are set vvith pearls of grace
With stones of price, vvith chaynes (of vvorth,
I loue to see thy face.

6. These signes of loue, are seales to (thee,
What shall be thine else vvhere
When thou shalt shine in bliss vvith (me
O spouse, my loue most deere.

7. There spangs, & specks of gold most (pure
Ile add to all the rest.
There shalt thou loue, & liue vvith (me
And eke for aye be blest.

The ſpouſe ſpeakes to her mates.

SEe novve all ye that loue the lord 1.
Ye Nymphes, ye Mayds of grace
Whiles that my lord, & king novve,
Farre off from me in place (ſeemes

And is in midſt of troopes of ſaincts 2.
On highe vvhere he doth dvvell;
Where all doe tend on him in loue,
Where all things ſure goes vvell.

Yet ſee his grace doth ſtoope to me, 3.
I feele him vvith me here,
By povver of ſpright, by gifts of (light,
He comes to me moſt neere.

And though I be much ioy to him, 4.
Yet he is all to me;
As bunch of myrrhe tvvixt both my
So ſvveete to hart is he (breaſts,

The ſpouſe to her mates.

5. Oh is there ought in the wide world
That ſmells, that ſmiles as he
Ah ſvveete, ah ſvveete my ſoule doth feele
His loue a life to me.

6. His loue layd cloſe to my poore hart
To ſence giues ſuch a touch.
That for his loue to dye, to dye.
I vvould not thinke it much.

7. Watch then, & vvayte ye maids that mourne
For this my loue vvill come;
And iudge he vvill in truth, & povver
The folke both all, & ſome.

Christ speakes to his spouse.

DEere spouse noe loue is lost on me 1.
To me thou art most svveete,
To see thee clad in clothes of grace
With rings, & roabs most meete.

Ioy, I like, I loue thee deere, 2.
Hovve faire, hovve fresh art thou?
None like to thee in shine of face,
As I looke on thee novve.

Hovve chast, hovve choice art thou my deere? 3.
Thine eies like doues doe looke.
Thine hart, thy mind, thy thoughts,
I vvrite thē in my booke (thy all.

The spouse speakes to Christ.

Nay thou my deere thou art the cheefe 4.
The choice, the sunne, the shine.
From thee o Christ I haue these raies
For they are none of mine

Christ speakes to his spouse.

5. Thou art o Christ full of this grace
Thou art the sea the spring;
And from thee I doe take these
& to thee thē doe bring (streames

6. As thankes for all thy loue to me,
And to thy saincts each one;
Who troope in bands to serue thee
(still,
Though here they vveepe, & mone.

7. For they are sure to rest in blisse
When thou shalt call them home
From out this sea of sobs, & sighes
That doth soe frett, & some

CAP. 2.

Christ speakes to his spouse.

DEere spouse I am both faire, and sweete
Of feild I am the rose,
And sure all such as liue by me
Full choice I am to those.

All things else that this vvorld hath, 2.
Vile vveeds vvhich are most base (be
I am the svveet, the sence, the smell
That yeald them all the grace.

& thou o loue art mongst the maids 3.
All choice, & cheefe in vevve
Nought in the earth is like to thee,
In face, in shine, in hue.

The spouse speakes to Christ.

O thou my deare, that one I loue 4.
Thou art the tree of life;
Thy shade let sheeld me from all harms
And I vvill be thy vvife.

The Spouse speakes.

5. Thou with thy spright shalt lead me forth
To the sweete streames of good,
And I shall be fresht with thy loue
Wrought to me in thy bloud.

6. O stay me, stay me take a care,
O cheare my soule that faints,
O come for I am sicke of loue
To liue in midst of saincts.

7. O put thy left hand to my head
Thy right hand to my side
O stay me vp both head, & hart
And still be thou my giude.

The spouse speakes.

I charge ye o you soules of saincts, 1.
By roes, & hindes of loue,
Take heed howve you doe vexe, & greeue
The spright of my svveete doue.

Take heed you vvrong not his great name, 2.
with life soe leaud so vaine
And doe not dare to moue his ire
Who vvould saue you so fayne.

Loe I doe call, & he doth heare, 3.
And sends to me his voice;
My mouts of sinnes, & hills of shame
Haue not so lovvd a noice.

Noe roe, noe hind loe svvift cā rūne 4.
Nor make such speede as he
When I doe call, or crie for him
He comes, he runnes to me.

The spouse speakes.

5. And though this vaile of my base flesh
A full sight bares me fro,
Yet vvith mine eye of faith, I looke
On him that loues me soe.

6. I see him as in a cleare glasse,
I see him shine full bright;
Through grates of vvords, & gates of lime
My soule of him hath sight.

7. And novve me thinkes I heare him speake
And thus to me doth say:
O church, o spouse lift vp thy head
O faire one come thy vvay.

Christ speakes.

The storme is past of greefe, & woe 1.
The spring of ioy is seene
all things nowve are fresh, & faire
And full, & nevve, & greene.

In highe is ioy, on earth is peace, 2.
To men a great good vvill;
And all the quire of saincts doe sing
To shevve their loue, their skill.

Not buds, but siggs, & fruits are seene 3.
Of grace, of ioy, of loue;
Come my deere, shake of thy (sleepe
Come on my milke vvhite doue.

O let me heare thy voice my deere 4
O plye me vvith thy plaints,
O looke thou vp though face be sad
Ile place thee vvith my saincts,

Christ speakes.

5. O all ye that vvishe vvell to me,
And to my church, & name
Put frō my deere all those that seek
Her faith, her loue to blame.

The spouse speakes.

6. For he is mine by faith, & trust,
And I am his by loue.
We both are one by his great powe
I long to see my doue.

7. O come as svvift as Roe, or Hind
My loue, my life to me
Till day doe breake, till sumne do
(shin
Till shade of death doth flee.

Of the third & fourth chapters of the ſong of Solomon being Metaphraſed into Monoſylables of Great Brittains language, & is to be vſed by euery deuout ſoule in his priuat conference vvith his god.

And is ſet to the tune of

Helpe lord for good, & godly men

PSAL. XII.

To his much esteemed good frend Mr.

ISAAC LEE one of the assistants of the most vvorthy companie of the marchants-Adventurers residing at Hamb:

Encrease of glory.

MOre thē much beloued *When god brought man forth at the first he put him not into a vvildernes, but into a garden, a paradise, & place of pleasure. Wherby I see that his sacred maiestie did not reioyce in the misery, but in the delight & happines of his creatures. Cheerefulnes therefore pleaseth god*

better then dulnes, dumpishnes,
& heauines of hart. Let vs be
godly, & good in our pleasures, &
it vvill neuer displease our maker,
neither vvill he grudge, or repine
at our ioy. To this purpose haue I
framed certayne hymns for the
priuat solace of such as shall take
delight there in. One portion
vvhereof I haue consecrated to
you. Let yt haue acceptance of you
by your practice of yt. I expect no
other guerdon for my paines. For
the highest knovves vvith vvhat
an honest hart I composed this, &
there st, & vvhat a desire I had in
the framing thereof for the good
of many. I haue euer hated Epi
curean resolution. Let vs eate, &
drinke to morrovve vve shall dye.
But I haue euer loued entyre
Christian exhortacion. Let vs

vs pray, & praise god, To morrowe vve shall liue For to loue, is to liue, & vvhere vve loue, there vve liue If vve loue god, vve shall liue in him by our prayers, by our prayses, & all by one spirit. O then let vs so loue him, that vve may liue in him in our daylie voices, that they may be hard to his glory, our comfort, & good example of our brethren. The god of heauen ioy your hart in all your life, & in your death that vve may all meete to sing together in the quire of heauen vvith the angells in the sauing mercies of our Sauiour Christ.

Yours much more then
mine ovvne.

W. LOE.

The ſpouſe ſpeakes to Chriſt.

IN bed I ſought my loue by night, 1.
But could not find him there,
I ſought him but he vvas farre off,
And did not come me neere.

I roſe, & vvalkt the ſtreates to ſee 2.
If my ſoule could him find
Whom I did vvant, yet found I not
The day ſtarre of my mind.

Thē rā I ſtraight to thoſe that teach 3.
And vvatch, & vvaite for me
And ſayd to thē cā ye shevve novve
Where I my loue might ſee.

And thus halfe ſpent vvith care, & 4.
My ſoule gan faint, & faile(coſt,
Loe then my loue did shevve him-
&vvould not let me quaile(ſelfe,

The spouse speakes to Christ.

5. So that by a newe acte of faith
I sawe where he was not.
We misse him in our beds of rest
The world is not his lott.

6. The streets are strayts of cost, & care
Where we doe lose him quite,
But in the word, & soule of man
We feele him in his might.

7. But whē I found him hold I tooke
Fast hold on him I layd,
Noe more to part with him at all
Then he to me thus sayd.

Christ speakes to his spouse.

NOvve that my spouse hath toyld all night 1.
And lokt,& longd for me.
I charge you all that are my frends,
And looke to liue in glee.

Stirre her not vp, nor vvake my deere 2.
With toyes, or tales of yore,
But let her rest in peace,& ioy,
And vexe her novve noe more.

Oh vvho is this that comes so faire 3.
From out the foule vvorlds lane,
And hath shakt of her slough of sinne
That vvould haue beene her bane

It is my Church, my chaire of state 4.
Where I doe loue to be
It is my doue my stay my deere
It glads me her to see.

Christ speakes to his spouse.

5. That is so quitt from vvorld of wo
From sinke of sinne, & shame,
She seekes to me for all her vvant
Shee trusts to my great name,

6. She smells as myrrh, & spice of cost
Graced vvith my chaines of loue,
She is my spouse, no spott she hath,
She is my milke vvhit doue.

7. All faire, and full of grace most
She comes, she rūns to me (bright
Come on my deere, make thou noe
Thy loue, thy life to see. (stay

The ſpouſe ſpeakes.

O novve my ſoule thou haſt a glymſe 1.
Of ioy that is on highe,
O bleſt are they that vevve it all,
Or doe that place come nighe.

The courts on earth of kings moſt 2.
Are rich, & rare to vevve, greate
But this vvhere my Chriſt rules, & raignes
For aye is faire, & nevve,

The gard of this great court of ſtate 3.
Are Saincts, & ſprights of might
That doe his vvill at all his beckes,
And dvvell vvith him in light.

The courts of kings are made vvith hands 4.
Their care, their coſt is vaine,
But heres a Court not made by mé
Where my ſvveet Chriſt doe raigne.

The ſpouſes ſpeaketh.

5. He in him ſelfe is all the ſtate,
He giues his court the grace,
He is the light, the hight, the all,
That is ſtill in that place

6. Come forth ye Saincts of god in (Chriſt,
& ſee this court of rayes
O take a vevve of this your life
O ſeeke it all your dayes.

7. Chriſt is your Bride groome, & your (are
To him a ſpouſe moſt bright
He hath you bought vvith bloud (moſt deere
And gaynd you vvith his might.

Chriſt ſpeakes to his ſpouſe.

HOvve faire art thou my deare, my ſpouſe 1.
With out, & eke vvith in.
Hovve voyd of filth, or ſpotts of ſhame
Of ſinke, or ſtinch of ſinne.

For I doe purge thee of the ſame 2.
My vvord doth make thee free,
& they that teach to thee my lore
Are all moſt ſvveet to thee

Their ſpeach is full of grace, & loue 3.
To thoſe that heare the ſame
Their vvords are impt vvith zeale of loue
To keepe thee frō all blame

Thoſe that doe rule, & giude the ſtearne 4.
Are as the necke to head
They are both ſtrong, & ſtout to gard
The ſoules that they haue fed?

Chriſt ſpeakes to his ſpouſe.

5. The tvvo ſvveet bookes of league, (moſt nevve
Are breaſts full fraught vvith milke,
And all that ſucke the ioyce of the
Are clad in robes of ſilke.

6. That is the grace of Saincts,& ſuch
Shall shine in rayes of reſt
Till day doth davvne,& shad doth fade,
And they for aye be bleſt.

7. Thus art thou faire, my loue in me
In thee there is noe ſpott.
I vvill in bliſſe ſett thee my deere
Cleane voyd of ſinne,or blott.

Christ speakes still.

O nowe my loue I haue thee sought, 1.
And brought thee frō the lands
I haue the led in bands of grace
From out the curse, & bands.

To me from all parts of the earth 2.
I will the giude, & call,
& quite thou shalt be frō the bands
Of them that did thee thrall.

Who once did vexe, & greeue thee 3.
In bane, in bloud, in woe, (sore
But I will set thee safe from them,
And rid thee from thy foe.

For thou my hart hast caught with 4.
One cast of thy faire eie (loue
Of faith I meane doth wound my
which made me faint, & die (hart

Chriſt ſpeakes ſtill.

5. All ſvveets the vvorld can yeald to me
Are banes to thy ſvveet ſmell,
Thou art my ſpouſe, in life, & death
The graue ſhall not thee quell.

6. The vvords vvhich from thy lipps doe droppe
When thou doſt pray, or praiſe.
Are farre more ſvveet to me then ſvveets
That ſunne doth ſee by dayes

7. Thou art a ſpring to me shutt vp
A vvell ſeald by my ring,
Frō vvhēce doth flowe pure ſtreams of loue
To me thy lord, & king.

Christ speakes.

THou art closd vp my spouse, my (Deere 1.
That none might doe thee ill,
That force of foes, nor rage of feds
On thee might doe their vvill.

That noe vvild Boore of vvood so (fell 2.
Thy rootes, thy plants might (marre
For I looke on thee vvith mine eies,
And vevve their ire a farre.

Thy plants are like svveet fruits of (choice 3.
My deere ones all they are
Of thee, & them, as of mine eies
I vvatch, & haue a care.

Svveet sent as Myrrhe, & cane ye 4.
As all cheefe spice of choice (yeald
So are thy plants o Deere to me
For they doe heare my voice.

Christ speakes.

5. For taſt, for touch, for ſmell, for (hovve
Thy fruits are all moſt pure.
I ioy to ſee them in this plight,
And in my loue ſo ſure.

6. From thee o ſpouſe doth flovve full (ſtore
Thy ſtreames to dales, & hills.
And I the ſpring doe flovve to thee
To fill thy ſpouts, thy rills.

7. Who ſo of thee doth drink is (drenched
And thirſts noe more for aie
Thou art the ſtreames of god to (flowe
To ſoules that faint in vvaye.

The Church speakes to Christ.

If be then so svveet my deere 1.
My Christ, my God, my Loue
Thē breathe on me with thy svveet (breath
That it my hart may moue.

O all ye povvers of my svveete god 2.
Blovve on me North, & South
That these my plants of my poore
May blest be by his mouth (soule

And make thē svveet to him, as are 3.
The Plants of loue, & grace
So shall my loue ioy still to come,
And glad him in this place.

Yea he vvill come to me his ovvne 4.
vvhich he hath bought full deere
And vvill take of the fruit that he
Hath made to him so neere.

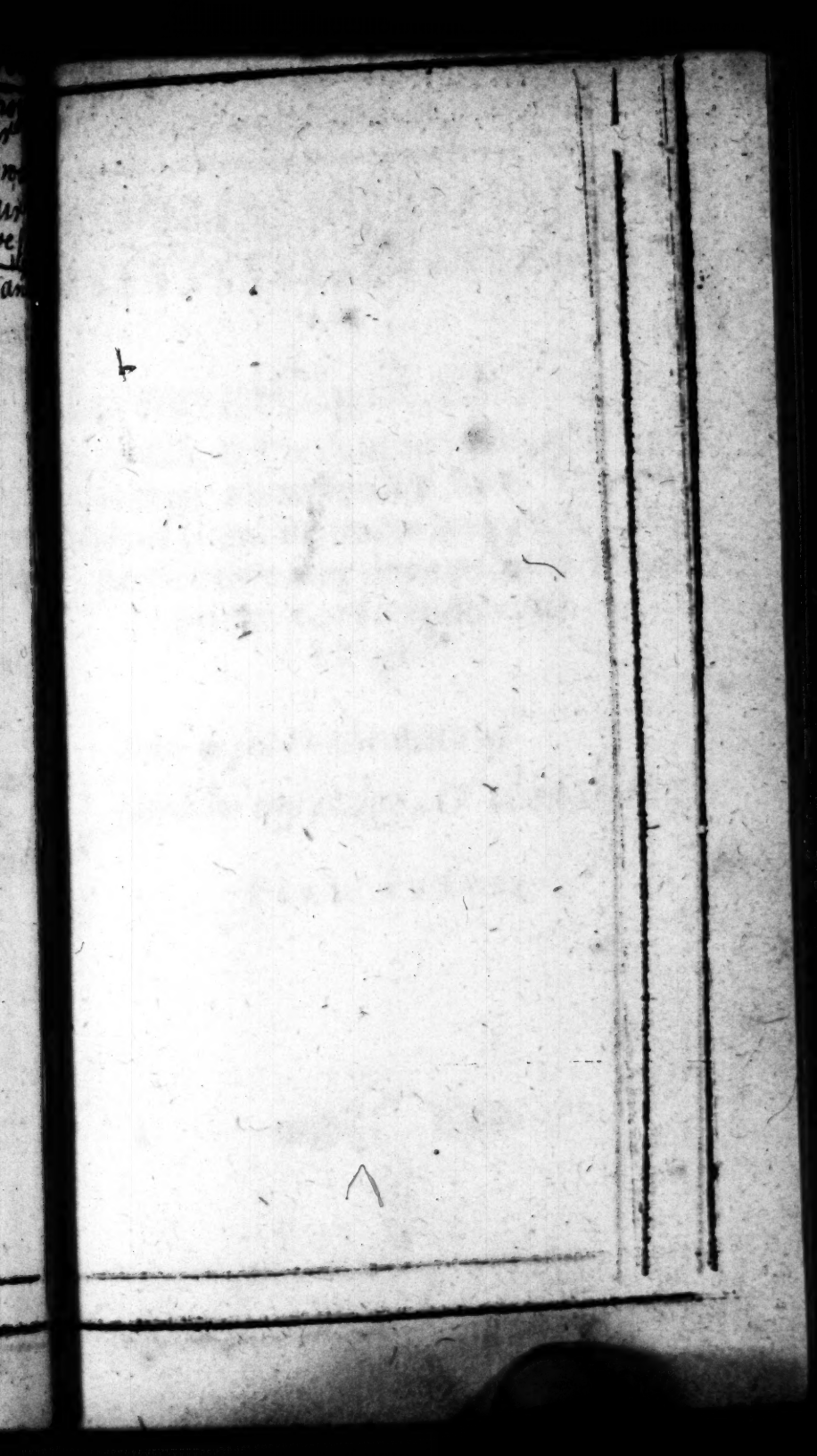
Christ speakes.

5. I come my loue to thee myne
As thou hast cald to me (owne
And as thou wilt, so will I take
These fruits a part of thee.

6. I see thy workes, thy words, thy (thoughts
They all to me are sweet,
For they are mine I gaue thē thee,
And all else that is meete.

7. Nowe all ye blest of me, & Saincts
Cheere vp, & glad your mind
That yett in this deere loue of mine
Such grace, & loue doe find.

Come near to me my son
and to my words gyve ear
I will the teach to know the
how thou the Lord mast fear
Who is the man that wold live
and lecda life most iust
so thou keep free thy tongue
from all



Betweene Chriſt, & his church
of the fift, & ſixt chapters of the Song of
Solomon metaphraſed into Monoſyl-
labls of Great Brittains language, & is to
be vſed by euery deuout ſoule in his
priuat conference vvith
his god.

And is ſet to the tune of
Lord be my iudge, & thou ſhalt ſee

PSAL. CXXVI.

To his much esteemed good frend Mr.

WALTER PELL one of the assistants of the most vvorthy cõpanie of the marchants-Adventurers residing at Hamb:

Ioy of both vvorlds.



LOuing frend. If you vvould die vvell, you must endeuour to liue vvell. Then let your death be neuer so suddaine, It vvill not come vnexpected neither vvill you be vnprepared. The daies, & houers of daies that you haue spent in gods seruice either in praying, or prayssing him shalbe

so many cordialls of comforts, & consciences of vvell led purposes, & vvill so take up your hart in ioye, & solace, that not terrours of death, or darkenes shall appale yt. Who vvould not then be busie in this so serious, so sacred a busines? Let vs neuer thinke to be soundly merry, if this be not our musique. Reason, & Religion guides vs here vnto. For veary Reason shevveth vnto vs that vve must all die, & Religion enlighteneth vs hovve vve may dye vvell. Fooles iudge actions by euents, But the vvise forsee by iudgmēt of reason, & faith vvhat vvill inevitably ensue. To this purpose all this is sayd. That as I haue in myne endeered loue sent you an introduction herevnto in this paper token so you vvould

accept, & practize it. So shall I euer rest your votary praying to god for your eternall happines in Christ Iesus his sauing mercies.

Your perpetuall votary.

W. Loe.

Chriſt ſpeakes to his ſpouſe.

I am come dovvne o ſpouſe moſt deere 1.
To take thoſe fruits of thine,
Which thou vvith hart of grace, & loue
Doſt knovvve of erſt vvere mine.

I haue thought vvell of all thy vvorkes, 2.
As vvell of vvill as deede.
I dranke thy vvine vvith milke ſo ſvveet
With loue they doe me feede.

o you my frēds, & ſaincts moſt bleſt 3.
Cheere vp your ſelues vvith me,
And ioy your harts vvith this my ſpouſe
whoſe cates of love you ſee

The church ſpeakes.

When once this vvorld had luld in ſleepe 4.
Of ſinne, my ſelfe, my sēce
Yet vvakt mine hart to Chriſt my Deere,
& thou didſt dravve me thence.

Christ speakes to his spouse.

5. Thou camst to me, & knockst full oft
At doore of my poore hart (
Thou knockst I say full oft my (deare
And pearst me vvith thy dart.

6. And saidst Ile come, & lodge vvith (thee,
And dvvell vvith thee in grace,
Shut out the vvorld, thy sinns, thy (shame,
& let me come in place.

7. For all the night I vvayte for thee,
My lockes vvith dropps of paine
Are vvett, & all to stay for thee
That I thy loue might gaine.

The Church speakes.

I haue put of my coate sayd I, 1.
Howve shall I put it on.
My feete I vvasht, shall I them file
Oh noe, my loue be gone.

Thus did I plead for my long stay 2.
For vvho so loues my deere
Must care, & carke, & strang things
Of vvoe him to come neere. (tast

For cleane of soyle, of vvoe, & ill 3.
Who liues that seekes my deere
No, No, the vvorld vvill plague the
That serues our god in feare (all

But vvhē my loue these vvords did 4.
(heare
He shrunke, & vvent me fro,
& hid him selfe, & spake noe more
That I had searud him so.

The Church speakes.

5. And then I rouzd my hart I yearnd
That had him lost so sone
I rose, & lokt, & chid my selfe
For that vvhich I had done.

6. I sought him but he hid himselfe,
And vvould not me come nigh
I roard, & cride, & vsd all meanes
I card not for to die.

7. For that I had lost him my deere
That sought me for his doue,
But yet I foūd him not, nor knewe
He hard my voice in loue.

The church ſpeakes ſtill.

THe men that ſhould haue had a (care 1.
They ſmote, & did me vvound,
With vvords moſt falſe, & vaine, (they ſought,
To ding me to the ground.

I charge you all that loue the lord 2.
If that you shall him find
Tell him hovve ſicke I am of loue
In hart, in ſoule, in mind.

O vvhat (ſay they) is this thy Deere 3.
More then the ſonnes of men
That thou art thus farre gō in loue,
And aye doe not him ken.

My loue ſayd I is vvhite, & red 4.
His face is pure, & bright
He is the cheefe, & choice, of all
In him is all the light

The church speakes still.

5. For god in him is full, & faire
In grace, in face, in all.
His head fine gold, his lockes faire
In him there is no gall (flockes

6. His eies like doues full of pure
His cheeks as beds of spice, (loue
His lips as swveet, as flovvers in May,
To me he is not nice.

7. His hads are fett vvith pott, & price
Pure myrrhe doth dropp him fro
His vvill is rule of truth, & faith
This is moſt true I knovve

The spouse speaketh.

Yea all his acts are firme, & strong 1.
As sett in gold most sure.
No shevve of change, but streight,
Both sound, & safe, & pure (& cleere

His mouth is as svveet things of 2.
Fro vvhece doth flovve my blysse (choice
He is all svveet, in part, in vvhole,
And I poore soule am his.

A forraigne congregatio speakes.

Since then o deere such is thy loue, 3.
Shevve vs vvhere he is found,
And vve vvill seeke this loue vvith
In all the vvorld so round (thee

For noe, but thee o church cast him 4.
Make knowne, in vvord, in deed
O tell vs then, & vve vvill ioyne,
And he shall be our meede.

The spouses speaketh.

5. The sayd I to those that him sought
He is gone dovvne to be
In beds of spice vvith soules, &
That is my loue, thats he (saincts

6. Yea I am his in his sweet loue,
And he is mine by faith.
In spight of hell, or sinne, or shame
His vvord to me so saith.

7. And both of vs are one in god,
And knitt in soule, & spright
By loue most svveete, & ioy of hart
I liue still in his sight.

Chriſt ſpeakes to his church

Though thou my church didſt me not ſeeke, 1.
But putts me farre thee fro,
Yet nowe thou doſt looke back to me
I will not ſerue thee ſo.

But I will come, & dwell with thee 2.
In grace, in loue, in awe.
I will thee ioy, in mirth, & glee,
And teach to thee my lawe.

Turne backe thine eies frō me my deere 3.
That are thus fixt on me
Thy ſtrength of faith doth ſo me
That I mind none, but thee.

The men that feede thy ſoule with foode 4.
Haue all one hart, one tongue
They tune all like a quire of ſaincts
They ſound forth all one ſonge.

Christ speaketh to his church.

5. So that their paines are not in (vaine
They bring to me much fruit.
They cry, & call to me for helpe,
And I doe heare their suite.

6. Thy locks, thy lookes, are seene so (faire
Thy blush, thy smile so svveet.
That I doe ioy in them that teach
Those things that are so meete

7. Though kings, & queenes, & all folk else
My name, my loue doe vse,
Yet on thee, on thee loue I looke
On thee I thinke I muse.

Chriſt ſpeakes to his ſpouſe.

THou art my ſpouſe moſt chaſt moſt pure 1.
Whom all the vvorld doth loue
Thou art my deere, my peere, my ioy,
Noe ſpott in thee my Doue.

Thoſe that doe looke, & ſee thy face 2.
Do praiſe, & plaud thee ſtill,
And bleſs thee that haſt god thy lord,
& didſt yeald to his vvill.

& thus they ſay rapt vvith thy ſtate 3.
Whats shee ſo faire as morne
So pure as sũne, ſo bright as mone,
Of vvhat ſtate is shee borne.

Her face is faire through force of faith 4.
She is moſt bright in heue
Yea in her looks is feare, & dread
To cauſe her foes to rue.

The spouse speakes to Christ.

5. And thus all gast, & rapt with sight
Of thy swveet port, & state
They stand in stond all pale, & wan
For thee they can not mate.

6. No more then glympse of starre cã
The sũne in hight of skye, (dashe
Or light on earth the mone at full
Can darke or once come nigh.

7. Cheare vp thy selfe deere loue I say
For though thou didst me miss
I meane not thee my loue to leaue
For all the vvorld that is.

Christ speakes to his spouse

I did but goe to see my vine 1.
How vve it did bud, & sprout
To see vvhat fruits my plants did (yeald
And how vve they vvere come out.

And novve I see they bud, & blooe, 2.
And yeald me fruit good store,
I le care for them, & they for me
That they may haue the more.

The soules that came to me of late 4.
I prune, I plash, I purge
That they may bring forth farre, (more fruite
With this my rod, & scourge.

And novve they are vvell grovvne 5
(my Deere
I hast, I runne to thee,
With speed at need I hast, I post
With vvings of vvind to see.

Christ speakes to his spouse.

5. What thou dost vvant, or vvouldst (novve haue
Speake loue, Ile giue thee it.
Thou shalt not feare my loue to (thee
In rest by thee ile sitt.

6. Come then my loue to me full fast
Let all Saincts ioy, & sing.
To house of god ile safe, & sound
My Deere shall my loue bring.

7. Novve all ye Saincts, & soules on
Looke, see, fixe fast your eie, (high
On this my loue, marke vvell her
No fault in her I spie. (grace.

Christ speakes to his people.



Of the seuenth, & eight chapters of the song of Solomon being Metaphrased into Monosylabls of great Brittains language, & is to be vsed by euery deuout soule in his priuat conference vvith his god

And is sett to the tune of
Giue thanks vnto the lord our god.

PSAL. CVIII.

To his much esteemed good frend Mr.

WILLIAM WALCOT marchant, one of the most vvorthie cõpanie of Marchant Adventurers residing at Hamborough.

Happines for euer.

KInd frend. Forced *fauours vveare euer sleighted, & thankles. But voluntary respects had euer vvith the best, and most noble minds courteous acceptãce howve small, & meane soeuer the thing vvas. For a mã to giue his soule to his Creator vvhen he sees he must dye, & his goods to the poore,*

vvhen he sees he must part vvith them, & to forgoe our sinne, vvhē vve cannoe longer follovve yt are cold, yea vnkind obediences. But for a young man to remember his creator in the daies of his youth & in his best, & strongest age to bequeath himself every day to god in prayer, & praise is that reasonable, & seasonable sacrifice vvhere vvith the most high is most pleased. To this purpose and noe other god knovveth I haue tendered these voluntary Essaies to diuerse of my masters, & Table-brothers. Let me not seeme to be officious, vvhile I desire to doe good, & expresse my loue. For as vnto the rest so vnto you Beloued Gū-vnaunt haue I sent this parcell. Receaue yt, as I meane yt both vvith hand, & hart, & thov

assured; it vvill neuer repent you of your acceptation, nor me of my dedication. The great lord keeper of heauen, & earth keepe you in his feare all the daies of your life, & preserue you for his sauing mercies in Christ Iesus in the end of your life, & for euer.

Yours in Christ to be required.

W. Lon.

Chriſt ſpeaketh.

Her feet are ſvveet, her gate a (grace 1.
All shod vvith Peace, & Truth,
Of gods ovvne ſpell to runne the race
Frō bane, & vvoe, & ruth.

Her loynes are girt faſt vvith the ſame, 2.
The price of it is rare.
The skill is framd vvith hand of might
All full of coſt, & care

Her vvombe like a round cup that vvants 3.
Noe vvine to cheere her plants,
As heaps of yvheate ſet all vvith flovvers
Pure graynes to helpe our vvāts

Her breaſt the tvvo ſvveet leagues of grace 4.
Are as to tvvins of birth
Whoſe milke doth feede the babs of god
Which dvvell here on the earth.

Christ speaketh.

5. Those that doe rule, & guide her (folke
Like necke doth beare vp head
So those doe stay as towver of (strength
Till they at full are fed.

6. Her eies are like twvo fonts most (clear
In which vve may vvell see
Our selues in face, in fact, in faith,
And dravve thence life, & glee.

7. Her nose from vvhence vve sent (the good
Is as some towver of state
For she can iudg, & find it out
From tyme, to tyme past date

Christ speakes still.

HEr tire of head is full of Grace 1.
To all that doe it see,
And I am tyde by mine owne will
O loue to be with thee.

O loue howe full in all thy parts 2.
Dwells loue, & life by me
Howe sweet, & faire art thou in all
When I doe looke on thee,

Thy growth is like a Palme tree 3.
(tall,
For pretst, thou dost rise more
Thy teats are full of milke, & mirth
And yeald thy babes great store

I said I will goe to my tree 4.
And ioyne me to my Palme,
& make it yeald all salues for sores
To cure all wounds as Balme.

Christ speach still.

5. And I vvill cause her for to yeeld
Good vvorkes of faith, & life
And vvith her powver to drive
The sinnes that are so rife (her

6. The soules that thirsts shall have
(their fill
Her vvords shall spring a vvine
By mouthes of those that teach my
(lore
And preach those lavves of mine

7. Yea they shall cause the lippes
(of
That sleepes, & snorts in sinne
To speake, & praise the god of
That rouzd him from that

The church speakes.

Such as I am; I am not mine, 1.
But his that loud me deere,
In none, but him vvill I be glad,
None but him vvill I feare.

For he once gaue him selfe for me, 2.
And made of me his choyce.
Him vvill I heare, he is my deere,
Its life to heare his voice.

Come my loue, letts lodg all night 3.
In fields, in tovvnes, letts goe,
And see hovve all our flockes doe
Letts runne as syvift as roe. (feede

Vp to the vines letts hast in morne, 4.
And vevve hovve they doe bud,
And see the signes of fruits, & grace
And looke if they be good,

The Church speakes.

5. For hence vve shall knovve full ere (tyme
When vve shall ioyne in one,
In all the blisse that I haue made
To quitt thee of thy mone.

6. See loue thy plants both in them (selues
Doe bud, & bloome most fresh,
And yeald a sent to moe them by
That are but young, & neshe

7. All plants that grovve in vs I keepe,
Both old, & young I loue,
And all for thee o Christ my god
Thy Grace, & lookes to moue.

The old Iewish Church speaketh.

O that I might my Christ once see 1.
Clad in this flesh of mine,
& find him here on earth to dwell
Made one, once of my line.

Thé vvould I kisse, & cull my Deere 2.
The vvorld could not me touch,
But if it did I vvould not passe,
Nor think of it so much.

Then vvould I bring thee to the 3.
(light
Though novve pent vp in darke,
And then thou shouldst me teach
(to knovve
My Christ, my god, by marke

Then vvould I feast thee vvith the 4
with cupps of loue, & grace. (best
Thé vvould the soules in Christ be
To vevve our rest, & place (glad

The old Iewish church speaketh

5. His left hand then should stay my
(head
His right hand stay my hart,
& thé I would not feare the worl
Nor hell, nor death his dart.

6. His heat would giue me life halfe
& raise me vp cleane gone, (dead
His light would make me shine
O like him there is none (pearl

7. I charge you o ye saincts that lou
Dare not to greeue my decree.
Nor once to stirre him vp in ire,
But learne his vvrath to feare,

Christ speaketh.

Who is this that from denns of (sinne 1.
From lusts, & life most leaud
Doth hand her selfe gainst all the
& shewes her wrath, & feud (ill;
Is not my church? o it is shee 2.
Whom I haue loud of old,
And did her take from powers of (hell
When she was bought, & sold.
And her frō ire of sinne, & shame 3.
Where shee had falne from me
I raisd to life from depth of hell.
I quitt, I sett her free.

For there by faith she leand on me, 4
And I to her gaue way.
Then shee to me did ope her hart
And thus to me did say.

The Iewish church speaketh

5. O sett me as a signe, a seale
On hart, on arme, on all.
O hold me deere, my loue, my
For I to thee doe call. (Christ

6. Let naught me moue from thy
(svveet loue
Lest greefe me gore, & vvoe,
For the least shade vvhen thou ar
Doth shevv to me my foe. (gone

7. The zeale vvhere vvith I loue my
Is like the graue most hell (Deere
And burnes me vp like coles of fire
To saue my soule from hell.

The Jewish church speaketh.

Ys more then fire, or flame it is 1.
Noe source can quench this (loue
Not paines, noe gaines, or loss, or (crosse
From him my hart can moue.

Noe vvealth, noe peelfe, noe feare, 2.
All this I scorne should me (no force
Once moue to thinke, or ioy in. (oughte
But in his grace, & glee

Ye haue a plant deere loue thou 3.
The church that thou hast chose, (knowst
From out the Iles so farre frō hēce.
O vve vvould not her lose.

She is but smale of grovvth as yet 4.
For vvant of thy good grace,
But if thou cast a looke on her.
And let her see thy face.

The Iewish speaketh.

5. Howe fresh, howe faire will she (come forth
And growe, & beare to the
her buds, her bloomes, her fruits
All good, & faire to see, (faith

Christ speaketh.

6. If she be firme, & fast to me
As vvall, as tovver of strength
Ile make her pure, & sure in leagu
By vvord, & deed at length.

7. And if she vvill giue vvay to me,
And to my vvords giue eare
Ile make her safe in league of pea
And she shall be my deere.

The Iewish Church speaketh.

The faith, & loue that thou dost 1.
In her, thou findst in me (seeke
My pled of faith found Grace, &
& I vvas ioynd to thee. (Peace,
The vvant of vvords to feed thy 2.
(saincts
Which thou in her dost craue
Is not in me to doe thy vvill
How vve then should, she it haue.
Grat thee to her thy Grace in good 3.
And shee vvill to thee bend.
She vvill thee serue in vvord, &
If thou thy grace her send (deede

Christ speaketh

My spouse is as a vine to me, 4.
She flovvers, & fruits doth yeald
She is the corne that brings me
& grovves faire in my feild. (thrift

The Iewish church speaketh.

5. My vine shall aye be in my sight,
Yea till the vvorld haue end.
I vvill it dress, & keepe my selfe,
And grace, & peace it lend.

6. Sith thus I care for thee my deere
Shevv thou thy loue in praise,
& teach my name, my fame to all
So long as last thy daies.

The spouse speaketh.

7. If thou my deere vvouldst haue me
As thou hast bid to me, (do
Then grāt me grace to act the same
And thou it sone shalt see.

Of the first, and second chapters of Ieremies Lamentations for the sacking, & burning of Ierusalem, and the temple, by Nebuchadnezer king of Babell, and by Nebuzaradan the captaine of his gard, put into monosyllables of great Brittains language.

And is set to the tune of

I lift mine hart to thee.

PSAL. XXV.

To his much esteemed good frend Mr.

EDWARD MEEDE

one of the assistants of the most worthy companie of Merchants Aduenturers residing at Hamborough.

Grace in this vvorld, and ioy in the other.

ALL happines in the lord Iesus. I present vnto you a part of Ieremies Lamentations metaphrased. You may see herein my true hart vnto you all. In the midst of lamentable discõtents I tuned my soule, tongue, &

pen to the laud of god. And the rather in these lamentations for that they sorted somewhat to my retired meditations. One tyme, or other all men are not as they would be. It is the condition of gods children. Happie is that man that can vse gods scourge to his amendement. The great moderator of all things knowes his children fittest to be made palmes, to be spread with burthens, & waights, & not to be Olives. That so we might more thinke of our victorie, then of our rest. It is enoughe for vs that we shall once triumph in heauen, & rest for all. To this holy rest, and eternall tranquillity god-

guide vs all, into vvhose blessed keeping I recommend you in Christ saving mercies. And rest.

Yours much deuoted.

W. Loe.

FRó dumps,& doomes of vvoe
From depth of vvrath,&ire
we call,vve crie,vve roare o lord Aleph.
With zeale as hot as fire.

The state vvhere once thy name
Was great in light of grace
Is led a slaue by force of vvarre Beth.
A curse is in the place.

Our streears that flockt vvith folke
Most rich,in cloths most gay.
Are novve made void,&laid full Gimel.
By night,and eke,by day. (vvast

Daleth. We that did rule, and raigne,
And brusd the vvorld vvith (might
Doe novve pay taxe, & role, & (disme
By force of armes in spight.

He. We vveepe full sore all night,
By day our teares doe fall.
Our eies are sore, our cheekes (are wet
Yet on the lord vve call.

Vau. They that did loue vs once,
& vvere our frends in shevve
Are turnd to gall, and doe vs kill
As fierce as doth our foe.

Our prince is made a slaue
To sitt vvith folke most (base,
We find noe rest but vvoe and (moane, Zain.
& shame doth fill our face.

our sinne, our sinne hath greeud
The lord of hosts full sore.
Our shame, our shame for that (doth come. Heth.
On vs novve more, and more.

Our things of vvorth the foe
Hath seizd all to his hand
They staine the church of thy (great name Teth.
We cā them not vvith stand.

The facts that vve haue done
Are all filths in his ſight.
Iod. He pluckes vs dovvne, & none (doth build,
Not one vvill doe vs right.

We ſighe for bread in vvant
We giue our vvealth for vt.
Caph. O helpe ſvveete lord for vve are (vile
O dravve vs from this pitt.

O let all thoſe that paſſe
Looke on my vvoe, & ſee,
Lamed If ere they ſavve the like of this
That novve is done to me.

IN all my bones is fire
A net my feete hath caught
God turnes his face, & makes me faynt
His vvrath it hath me taught.

His hand is on my necke,
His yoke hath bound me fore
He beares his hād so hard on me
That I can rise noe more.

My men of force are gone,
My young men crusht vvith might
My maids, & babes are trod to dust
And all this in my sight.

For theſe things vveeps myne
My ſoule is farre from glee
Ain. The foe doth force me to thi
And none doth care for me.

We ſtretch our hands for helpe,
And none doth take a care
Pe. We are as is the filth of all
They looke not hovve vve fare

Yet thou art juſt o lord
For vve haue gone from thee
Zade. Thou vvilt vs helpe for this
O shevve thy face to me.

MY Preests gaue vp the ghost
While they did seeke for (meate
The old men eke gaue vp their Koph.
(breath
O lord our vvoe is great.

I am in greefe o lord
Mine hart is fild vvith vvoe,
The svvord doth kill, & Death Resch.
(doth rage.
For that thou art my foe.

When I doe sigh, & grone
Noe eie doth care for me.
My foes doe ioy, & glad them- Shin.
(selues
My vvoe, & moane to see.

The fourth depth.

O let my sighes o lord,
Loud crie make in thine eare
Thau. I haue done ill, cleaſe me of that
And rid mine eies frō teare-

O lord vvhy vvith a cloud,
So black of vvrath, & ire
Aleph. Haſt thou vs clad, and caſt vs
(dovvne
Why are vve burnt vvith fire

The lord doth raze our race,
Our ſtocke, our flocke, our all
Beth. Dovvne to the ground he dings
(vs faſt
Our prince, our peeres doe
(fall.

The strength of all our house Gimel.
Is spent, yea all is gone
The lords fierce vvrath hath cut (vs of
To helpe vs there is none.

He bends his bovve at vs Daleth.
He shootes vs through full sore
He kills the choice of all our (flocke
O lord vvhat vvilt thou more?

Our forts of fence, & strength He.
Our fields so fresh, so full
Are all laid vvast, our goods, our (babes
Our foes from vs doe pull.

Vau. The king, & Preest at once
The church, & state doe vvail
The daies of feasts are turnd to
(fasts
The lord he doth vs quaile.

Zain. The lord hath cast downe all
They roare, & make a noice
With in thy house o' god our
(king
Where once vvas hard our
(voice

Heth. Our, vvall, our vvealth, our state,
Our god vvill lay full lowe.
His hand is bent to stricke vs all
Thy vvill o lord is so.

The lawe, and all is gone — Teth.
Noe preest, noe peere of (sight
The lord hath rid vs of them all
Not one doth come in sight.

The graue men of our state — Iod.
The sage, & such as giude
Doe sit on grouñd in dust, & clay
With sacke they cloth their (side.

Mine eies to see this faile, — Caph.
With teares they drope, & melt
The babes doe sowne in midst (of street
Such woe, & want they felt.

They crie for bread, for drinke — Lamed.
To all that stand them nighe,
And in their lapps that gaue thē (sucke
They faint, & faile, & die.

Mem. What vvoe is like to ours?
Our breach as seas doe roare
Theres none can helpe, or heale
(our vvou
O lord our greefe is sore.

Nun. They that should see, & say,
And tell vs of our sinne
Haue taught vs things both vile
(& vain
Noe good vve find there in

Samech All such as pass vs by
Do scoffe at vs, & mocke
Is this the place say they
(strengt
Is this the vvhole earth no

Our foes doe hisse, & gnash Ain.
Their teeth, & thus doe (saye
this is the day vve haue sought (for
To bring thee dovvne for aye

But lord this is thine acte Pe.
To throvve vs dovvne each (one
dayes of old it vvas thy vvill
To bruise vs bone by bone.

Our teares doe shovvre on vs Zade.
To thee our harts doe cry
by day, & night vve take noe rest
Our soules doe faint, & dye.

We crye out in the night Koph.
Like babes vve hold vp hands
We faint for want of bread o lord
O rid vs of these bands (

Resh. O ſee ſweet lord the babes
That are but a ſpan long
We eate for foode, our Preeſt (are slayn
And caſt out as the donge.

Shin. The young, & old on ground
Are caſt, & faint, & die
Our maids ſo freſh, ſo faire in (hewe
Are kild, & caſt them by.

Thau. Naught elſe but feares o lord
Doe vvake vs day, & night
It is the day of thy ferce vvrat
Of foes, of vvarre, of ſpight.

OF THE THIRD CHA-

OF THE THIRD Chapter of Ieremies Lamentations for the ſacking, & burning of Ieruſalem, and the temple, by Nebuchadnezer king of Babell, and by Nebuzaradan the captaine of his gard, put into monoſyllables of great Brittains language.

And is ſet to the tune of

I lift mine hart to thee.

PSAL. XXV.

To his much esteemed good frend Mr.

IOHN GREENWELL one of the Assistants of the most vvorthy companie of marchants-Adventurers residing at Hamb:

All ioy, & happines in Christ.

WElbeloued in the lord. We are all strangers here in the earth, our home is aboue in heauen. It vvas a great greefe to gods Israel to tune the songs of Sion in a strange country. Howve then is it vvith vs, that vve like so vvell of the things here, & thinke not of the blessings aboue. Hierusalem vvas once

the mistrisse of the vvorld, the
Metropolis of the earth, & yet
vvhen the vvorlds darling sor
gaue god she vvas layd in the dus
That is the cause of the Propets
lamentation. Indeed vvho vvould
not showver downe teares to se
the holy place defiled, & Ierusalē
made an heape of stones? But vve
see noe place be it neuer so glorious
in our eies, noe persons be they
neuer so gratious in the sight of
men that can escape gods hand
vvhē he vvill scourge The Turkes
haue encroched into Chri-
stendome, & made that eitty of
Constantinople vvhich vvas once
the glory of the east, a veary cage
of vncleane Mahumetans. What
Christians hart doth not bleed to
see yt? to heare of yt? We haue
cause to lament this. The prophet

had reason to condole that. Or that our harts were touched with remorse for the poore distressed Christians that liue tributaries to the misbeleeuing Turke. Consider in these hymnes the condition of gods people so subiecte to moane & misery. God directe all our harts toward him in wealth, in woe, in all. And so I cõmending you to god with the rest, in the sauing mercies of Iesus Christ, Am.

Yours because of Christ.

W. LOE.

I am the man o lord 1.
Haue felt thy vvrath, thy rod
O send me helpe in this my vvoe
My lord, my Christ, my god.

Thy stormes, & clouds of ire 2.
Doe beate me day, & night
Thou shevvst me vvoe, & vvast, & (watre
And hidst from me the light.

All the day long o lord 3.
Thine hand is turnd gainst me
Noe helpe, noe hope, noe ioy, noe (mirth
That I poore vvretch can see.

5. My flesh, & skin are vile,
And parcht as in a drought;
My bones, my hart are broke in
(twayne
This lord thy vvrath hath
(vvrought

6. O lord thou makst a sort
With me to vvarre, & fight
With gall, & greefe thou doſt me
(fill
And none vvill doe me right.

7. As they that long are dead,
And cleane cast out of mind
So am I sett in night of death
With vvoe, & greefe all pind.

A Nhedge is pight me round 1.
To close me in this vvoe
I cannot stirre thy chaines me bind
O lord vvhat shall I doe?

And vvhen I cry, & roare 2.
In all my greefe, & gall
He shutts me out, & vvill not heare
Ne cares he for my call.

He ramzes me in so fast. 3.
With stones, & clay full thicke
My pathes he crokes, & giues noe ease
My soule is faint, & sicke.

4. As beares doe teare their pray,
And vvaite more bloud to spill
So hath my foes me rent, & torne
As if it vvere thy vvill.

6. I peece, by peece am hald,
And pald by hand to raggs
I by my selfe do sitt, & vveepe,
While my foe sitts, & braggs.

7. Thy bovve o lord is bent,
To shoote at my pale face
I am a marke for shafts to hitt
O yett shevve me some grace.

For see the shafts doe sticke 1.
In all my raynes through out
I am the butt, & none but I
At vvhich shootes all the rout.

My foes make me their iest 2.
And song by night, & day
Where is thy god, thy lord, thy (helpe
Thus they to me doe say.

Mine hart is fraught vvith gall, 3.
My bloud is drunke vp still
With shame, & greefe I vvaile, &
Make haste me lord to kill (vvast

4. My ſtrength is daſht, my teeth
Are broke vvith in my head
Thou haſt on loade on me poore
I vvish I vvere cleane dead (lord

5. My ſoule doth not once heare
Of peace, of grace, of light
I cannot call to mind my ſtate
That once I had in ſight

6. O lord my ſtrength, my hope,
My helpe I looke from thee
But all is gone, & there is none
That cares, nor lookes to me.

O call to mind ſweet god 1.
This moane, this woe of mine:
This gall, this greefe, this plaint,
For lo lord am thine: (this cry

My ſoule is faint, & failes 2.
When I to mind doe call
My greefe hath made me cry, and
To ſee my woe, & fall. (roare

Yet haue I hope in thee 3.
That thou wilt helpe at laſt,
I will not quite my ſoule for aye,
From thy ſweet ſight our caſt.

4. It is thy loue o lord
That I am not quite fold,
And rid from earth, both braunch (& roote
And cloſd vp in the mold.

5. Thou failſt me not in morne,
All night I feele thy ſtay,
Thy hand is great, & in thy truth
Thou hearſt vvhat I doe ſay.

6 For thou o lord art mine
My ſoule doth hope in thee
Thou art my lot, my land, my rent
Once more lord ſett me free

O thou art good o lord
To them that vvayte, & tend
To soules that seeke, & sue to thee
Thou dost thy grace dovvne send 1.

It is right good o lord
To hope for helpe from thee
For of thee lord is all mans good
O shevve thy smile to me. 2.

It is full good for man
In youth to beare thy rod
For he shall learne there by to
The lord to be his god. (knovve 3.

4. Then ſitts he pale, & wan,
And mute with out a peeme
He will take heede all tymes that
Doe ſeare the lord in feare

5. And if he ſee theres hope
His mouth from duſt will cry,
And to the lord make plaine,
To day that he doth dye.

6. He giues his cheeke to ſuch
As ſmite him, & doe taunt
He will not giue his eare to thos
That vaine & vile things chaun

The lord doth not for aye
Caſt of his choice of men,
Though they greeue yet in his
tyme.
He takes them from that den. 1.

For by his vvill the lord
Greeues not his flocke at all
Nor doth he crush the ſonnes of mē
When they on him doe call. 2.

The rights men in their ill,
The face of the moſt high
Sett to helpe the flocke of Chriſt
Yea he vvill dravve them nigh. 3.

4. Out of gods owne sweet mou
Comes forth not good, & il
When we are plagud it is our sin
That doth our deare soules kil

5. Let vs then search our waies,
And turne to our good god
So shall he quite put farre fro
His scourge, his plague, his rod

6. Lift vp both hand, & hart
To him that dwells on high
And shewe our sinns, our hainous
Least that for them we dye

Thou hast vs slayne o lord 1.
And hidst vs vvith a cloud
That our sute comes not to thee
Though vve doe cry full loud

Veare as drosse, and doung, 2.
Our foes doe on vs rage
Feare, & snare is come on vs,
And that from age, to age.

Mine eies cease not to vveepe, 3.
But day, by daye vve moane
Till thou o lord dost looke from high,
& ease vs of our grone.

4. My eies, and hart doe ake,
The one vvith teares doth run
My hart it sobbs, & sighes full sore
For that vvhich I haue done.

5. Men chase me like a bird,
They haue cut of my life
They cast great stones to keepe me down
They kill me in their strife.

6 Yet from these depths o lord
I haue cald on thy name
Thou to my voice vvilt giue an eare
And ease me of the same.

Thou vvontſt to ſay, Feare not, 1.
Thou vvontſt my cauſe to (plead
nd to the ſtreames of loue, & life
Thou vvaſt vvont me to lead.

lord my vvronge thou ſeeſt 2.
Judge thou my cauſe vvith thoſe.
hat gape, & hope to eate me vp
With rage they doe me cloſe

hou lord haſt hard their cries 3.
Hovve they doe rage, & roare
ovve they doe ſpite, & ſpitt at me
And raue ſtill more, & more.

4. They make their ſongs on me
They ieſt, & gibe, & mocke
When they ſitt dovvne, or riſe,
They ſtout, they feare thy flock

5. Giue them their lott o lord,
Looke on the vvorke the
Giue them thy curſe vvith gree
That haue my vvoe thus ſough

6. Caſt them all cleane from thee
Let not the earth them beare
For that they doe not ſeeke to the
But rage vvith out all feare.



Of the fourth, and fift Chapters of Ieremies Lamentations for the sacking, & burning of Ierusalem, and the temple, by Nebuchadnezer king of Babell, and by Nebuzaradan the captaine of his gard, put into monosyllables of great Brittains language.

And is set to the tune of

I lift mine hart to thee.

PSAL. XXV.

To his much esteemed good frend Mr.

JOHN STAMPE, marchant one of the cõpanie of the Merchants-Adventurers residing at Hamborough.

Eternall blisse in Christ Iesus.

MINE vnfained loue in Christ vnto you. Noe vvise man vvould sell his thoughts for all the vvorld. For as they are much pleasing to a mans selfe so are they beneficiall vnto others. I little thought vvhē I began to make an Essay into this businesse that it vvould haue enlarged it selfe into eleuen

branches. What it is, & with
Euen the all of it I deuote to all
my table-brothers ; Wherein
your selfe haue a part. I shall
desire your acceptance with the
rest And euen so herein I commit
my loue to you, my lines to the
worlds censure, & the vse of the
to gods children; for whose sake
I haue endeworod this. Thus with
my prayers for your succesful
prosperity in all things. I leaue you
to gods sauing grace. Remaying

Your affectionate

W. LOE.

The firſt depth.

HOvve is our gold ſo dymme? 1.
The fine gold hovve iſt loſt?
The ſtones of the lords houſe are (vvaſt
This is our caſe, our coſt.

Our ſonnes that yvere ſo ſtrong 2.
Are trod as clay in ſtreete,
And as the potts ſo are they broke
They crush thē vvith their feete.

The formes of fish in ſea, 3.
That are moſt ſtrange to ſee
Yea they to young ones yeald their (breaſts
with vs this may not bee.

4. The babe that ſuckes is drye,
For bread the young ones cry,
But bread, & breaſt they can haue
And ſo they faint, & dye. (none

5. They that did feede moſt fine
The cruſts moſt courſe would
(haue,
They that put on their robs of ſilke
The pigs coote ſeekes, & craue.

6. The woe that we doe here
Is farre more great then when
our god did rayne fell fire frō skye,
And burnt the ſonnes of men.

THey that vvere pure as ſnovve, 1.
And vvhite as is the milke
That lookt ſo red, ſo freſh, ſo faire,
And clad them ſelues vvith ſilke.

They are as blacke as cole, 2.
By face they are not knowne;
Their skin is parcht, & cleaues to bones
They vvaile, they vveepe, they moane.

They vvhom the ſvvord doth kill 3.
We count in a good caſe,
For they that liue doe pine for vvant,
Both they, & all their race.

4. The babes that sucke the brest
We seeth for meat in pour,
Or else we pine for want of
Our limbs doe fade, &

5. The lord is wrath with vs,
On vs he shoures his ire,
And we are cleane put out of
He burnes vs vp with fire.

6. The kings of all the earth
Doe stand in maze to see,
Our foes march in our streats
& we poore soules to flee from

But this is come to vs 1.
For that vve shed the bloud
Of such as vvere most neere to god,
And shevvd vs all the good,

The bloud I say of them 2.
Doth cry gainst vs to god,
And nowve vve feele his hand of ire
His scourge, his vvhipe, his rod.

This blond of men so iust, 3.
Hath bine our bane, our vvoe,
And made vs turne our backes fro (such
As made them selues our foe.

4. For vve card not for Preeſte
Nor thoſe that did vs good,
But vvere both ferce, & fell to them
We ſtroue to sheed their blood.

5. For this our eies doe vvatch,
And vvaite, & ſtill doe faile.
No helpe, noe hand is ſtrecht to vs,
And ſo vve faint, & quaile.

6 The foe doth hunt our ſtepps
As vve goe in the ſtreete
They kill, they cry, they roare out
They tread vs vvith their feete

THey hunt vs in the feilds 1.
On hills in dales they kill
We dare not once loke out of dore
Our ſtreats with dead they fill.

The breath of all our liues 2.
Is caught faſt in their ſnare,
And left he is in plight full ill,
Both baſe, & poore, & bare.

Let theſe be glad that dvvell 3.
Farre of out of this place
Take heede leaſt you doe moue the
Lord.
Gainſt you to turne his face.

4. For he hath plagued vs sore
For all our sinnes, & ill,
And yet we hope he will loke
And ceasse our folke to kill.

The v. Cap.

5. O lord call thou to mind
What is come on vs all
Take heede to vs that in our wo
To none but thee doe call,

6. Our lands, our rents, our all
The foe from vs doe take.
The folke that are to vs most stra
A prey of vs doe make.

Our babes doe knowe noe fires, 1.
And they that gaue the breaſt
Doe ſits, and ſighe, & roare, & cry,
Ne can they take their reſt.

Our drinke to vs is ſold, 2.
Our vvood vve buy full deare,
And all this ill is come on vs
For thee vve did not feare.

Our neckes are preſt vvith yokes 3.
On vs they lie full ſore.
We moile, & toyle, & haue noe reſt
O lord vvhat vvilt thou more

4. To those that be our foes
For bread vve giue our hands
They tire on vs, & make a prey,
They breake in to our lands.

5. They that are dead, & gone,
O lord haue done the sinne,
And vve poore soules doe pay the price,
These take vs in their gin.

6. Base slaues vvhom vve did beate,
Ore vs nowve rule, and tire,
& there is none that doth vs helpe
Our feete stickes in the mire.

OUr bread we gett vvith dread, 1.
It coſts vs halfe our life
We vvaile in midſt of vvoe, & waſte
All night, all day in ſtrife.

Our skin like to a Moore 2.
Is black for vvant of meate
Our parts are parcht to skin, and bone
Thy vvrath o lord is great.

Our maids they make a prey 3.
to ſerue their minds, & luſts
Our vvives they vvronge in all our ſights,
Yet lord thy hand is iuſt.

By hand our prince they hang, 4.
The old men they doe ſcorne
Our greefe doth laſt till it be night,
And eke till it be morne.

4. They make our young ones glad
And toyle like horse in mill.
Their backes they load with bale
Till that they doe them kill.

5. The old men sitt noe more
To iudge the cause in gate
The young men vvaile that vvont to sing
Oh vvhen vvill be our date

6. Our ioy of hart is gone
Our daunce is turnd to moane
our minds doe muse of nought but vvoe
We sitt, & sighe, & grone.

The crovvne is gone from vs, 1.
And all the rule is fled,
What shall vve doe o lord our god
Our sinne hath struck vs dead.
For sinne our hart is faynt, 2.
For sinne our eies are dymme,
For sinne our foes doe vvaste on vs,
And rend vs limbe, by limbe.
Our hills, and dales are vvaste 3.
The foxe doe roome, & range,
These things to see our harts doe bleed,
To vs it is most strange.
Yet lord thou art for aye, 4.
Thy throne is sett full sure
Thou canst vs helpe, vvhen hope is gone
O lord novve doe vs cure.

5. Why then dost hide thy face?
And vvilt not on vs looke
Thou vvilt at last thy grace vs giue
That is vvrote in thy booke.

6. Turne to vs lord vve praye,
And then vve shall see grace,
O giue to vs the daies of old,
Thy name sett in this place.

7. What shall thy vvrath like fire
Still last, and burne, & kill
O cease svveet lord vve doe thee
So shalt thou find noe ill. (pray

5 Why then doſt hide thy face?
And wilt not on vs looke
Thou wilt ſo lad thy grace vs giue
That is wrote in thy booke.

6 Turne to vs lord we praye,
And then we ſhall liue grace,
Giue to vs the daies of old,
Thy name ſanctifie this place.

7 What ſhall thy wrath like fire
Conſume, and burne, & kill
O ceaſe fweet lord we doe thee pray
So ſhall thou ſtand moſt ill.

ON THE SEAUEN WORDS that Chriſt ſpake on the croſſe, vvhich shevve the ſeauen depthes of the lavves curſe, vvhich our lord did feele for our ſinnes.

And is ſet to the tune of

I liſt mine hart to thee.

PSAL. XXV.

To his much esteemed good frend Mr.

GEORGE FRANKLYN one of the Assistants of the most vvorthy companie of marchants-Adventurers residing at Hamb:

Grace here, Glory hereafter in Christ.

LOuing, and beloued. The vvords of a dying father, or of a dying frend are vvont to take deepe impression in the minds, & memories of good natures. Whose vvords shall pearce, if the vvords of our Christ our dying Christ, and that for vs, & his last also. Whose I say if not his? To you I send the last vvords

of Christ, in the last place, yet you are not the least in my loue. The first in intention, is last in execution. And nothing is conueyed to the intellectuall powers that is not first in the sensible parts. It was gods purpose of our Christ euen in the creatiõ, that he should be thus vpon the crosse. See then your Christ at his last. Tune your dolefull dumps to a sad soule, and ioy in sobbs. For he prayes, cries, yells, promiseth, perfecteth all, that we may be all in all with god. What can be more? Christ passion is the modell of our profession, yea the medall of our perfection. For gods strength is perfected in our weakenes.

We may sowe in teares, we shall reape in ioy. Let my spring be wett so that I may haue a

plentifull Autume I care not. Vir dolorum can best tune his voice to dolours. If god will haue it so, His will be done. He did so with his owne. We cannot imagine our condition free. God giude vs through all by his sauing grace, To which I shall euer recommend you, and rest.

Your more then much affectionate.

W. LOE.

O god my ſoule lift vp , & ſtretch mine hart in twaine 1.
That it may feele, & faile, & die
For life is in this paine.

My poore hart is ſo full, & fraught vvith thought of thee 2.
That its nighe rent to ſee thy loue
So much, ſo maine for me

O take thy croſſe, and nailes, And ſtraine my hart at length 3.
That thy deare loue may not be (pent,
But shevve my ſoule thy ſtrength

And novve my thoughts are free Thy loue to vevve in ſight 4.
My hart doth pant for that noe (more
It feeles here of thy might

5. O fill my hart once more,
And ſtretch, & ſtraine it ſtill
That I may lothe, & loue no more
My ſinne that brought this ill.

6. But I vvant ſpace in hart,
And grace in all my life,
To end my ſmart in ſight of this,
And ſinnes that are ſo rife.

7. But ſince my hart o god
Holds not a ſight of thee
O doe thou lord hold faſt my hart
And shevve thy loue to me.

ON THE FIRST WORD.

Father forgiue them for they knowve not vvhat they doe.

Luck 23. verſe 34.

WHat voice is this ſo ſhrill, 1.
That ſoũds thus in mine eare
O put from them their ſinns o god
That knowves not vvhats thy (feare.

Is not thy voice o Chriſt? 2.
On croſſe vvhen thou didſt hang,
And eke for thoſe that did thee kill
Iſt not thy voice that ſang?

A tune to god on highe, 3.
With vvhich his eare vvas pleaſd,
To ſee thy deere loue ſtretch ſo
& made the vvorld ſo eaſd. (farre

They knevve not vvhat they did 4.
Was ere ſuch a thing ſeene.
To pray for thoſe that made a prey
In vvoes ſo ſharp ſo keene.

5. O soule full oft thou hast
Not knowen what thou hast done
Noe way for helpe to cure that greefe
But in thy Christ gods sonne.

6. O pray my soule for them
That hate thee to the graue,
And let not wrath lodg with thee long
Its Christ that must thee saue.

7. When foes doe curse, blesse them
For Christ hath taught thee so;
who prayd for such as did him kill
And brought to curse, & woe.

The next dumpe.

ON THE NEXT WORD.

Verily I say vnto thee, This day shalt thou be vvith me in paradice.

Luck. 23. v. 43.

O soule looke vp to this, 1.
And harke vvhat voice thou (hearst,
Thy Christ in midst of gripes of (death
Doth heare, vvhat ist thou fearst?

Then sure he vvill thee heare, 2.
And giue eare to thy crye,
Novve that he sitts on throne in (state
& is thy god so nighe.

A theefe doth cry, & call, 3.
Christ heares him by, and by
O soule thy Christ vvill heare thee (sure
If thou dost call, & cry

O learne it is but one 4.
To vvhom Christ grants an eare
That sued to him in death at last,
And sought him in his feare.

5. Yet it is one my ſoule
Leaſt thou ſhouldſt faynt,& dye,
And that thy Chriſt vvould not (thee heare
In death vvhen thou ſhalt cry.

6. And yet it is but one,
Leaſt ſoule thou ſhouldſt be, (proud,
And thinke that god vvould heare (thee ſtill
When that thy cry is loud

7 O learne ſvveet ſoule by this
To ſue to god in life,
& driue not of till death doe come
To die in iarre,& ſtrife.

On the third word.

Behold thy mother, Behold thy sonne.

John. 19. v. 26. 27

SEe soule if ere the like 1.
Was hard that nowve is seene.
That Christ should care in midst of death,
And greefes that vvere so keene.

For those that could not helpe, 2.
But savve him in that plight.
Burst soule, and die to see his loue
To her that bare his might.

And eke to him vvhose loue 3.
Was fixt sure in his breast
That Christ should care in midst of greefe
That he should liue in rest(

She that vvhose seede did bruse 4.
The head of hell, & death
Hath hart all prest vvith vvoe, and greefe
To see Christ lose his breath

5. O child ſee that thou loue,
And loke, and long for good
To thoſe that haue thee borne, &
& are thee nighe in bloud. (bred,

6. Shall not our Chriſt loue thoſe
Thinke you, that ſearue him ſtill,
And haue a care of all ſuch folke
That ſeeke to doe his vvill?

7. My ſoule they are all deare
He cares for all their ſeede,
Ne ſhall there one that ſerues our god
Be void of his full meede.

The fourth dumpe.

ON THE FOURTH WORD.

My god, my god vvhy haſt thou forſaken me?

MAT. 27. VERS. 46.

O novve my ſoule giue eare 1.
To this great cry, and yell.
That ſhakes the heauens, & moues (the earth
And teares the powers of hell.

My god, my god cries Chriſt 2.
Why putts thou me thee fro,
And vvhy, doſt hide thy face frō me
As if I vvere thy foe.

O ſoule he cries for thee 3.
That thou maiſt haue gods light,
And nere be caſt in pit full lovve,
And hid out of his ſight.

This cry did darke the ſunne 4.
In full ſmyle of its beames
O ſoule doth not it dymme thy (ſight,
And cauſe of teares full ſtreames?

My

5. My ſoule great is our ſinnes
That cauſd theſe groanes, & cries
My eares that heare, are dull, and deafe.
My hart it faynts, & dies.

6. What paine didſt thou o Chriſt
For me baſe vvretch then beare
That thou didſt yell, & cry, & roare
In ſuch great greefe, & feare.

7 Waſt not that I might nere
Feele god goe from my hart?
Waſt not o Chriſt that I might not
Of hell once feele the ſmart?

On the fift word.

I thirst.

Iohn. 19. v. 28.

What thirst vvas this o Christ 1.
That thou dist feele so fell
That made thee call for drinke in drought
That causd thee thus to yell.

Wast not for my poore soule 2.
Thou didst cry in thy thirst?
That I might tast the streames of ioy
That man had at the first

And nere to thirst for aye, 3.
But haue the streames full glad
That ioy the hart, & soule, & all,
And blesse the mind thats sad.

Thou art the rocke o Christ 4.
From vvhence the source doth flovve
That makes vs feele noe thirst at all
But vp vvards for to grovve.

5. Come to this source my soule,
And drench thy deepe sad mind
Thou cāst not chuse but here thou
A vvell of blisse sure find. (must

6. For Christ didst thirst for thee
That thou mights drinke I say
The streames that flovve from
vvhere Christ doth dvvell for eye (chrone of god

7 All soules doe thirst for this
All saincts for this doe crye,
& bray as harts doe for the floods,
And so to fayut, & dye.

ON THE SIXT WORD
It is finished.
IOHAN 19. vers. 30.

NOwe all is done my soule
That can be done for thee
The houres of death, & powers of hell
Are all put farre from me 1.

Christ nowe hath paid the debt,
The bond in two is rent
The lawe, the curse, the woe, the crosse
Is laid on him thats sent. 2.

Loe Christ hath tane from thee
Thy sinne, thy shame, thy crosse,
And rid thee from the hags of hell
That would haue wrought thy losse 3.

Nowe is the world all iudgd
All powers of death, & hell
Haue done their worst, & nowe in woe
Doe cry, & roare, & yell. 4.

5. Its done, Its done saith Christ
Ye all is past, & cleare
That thou my soule maist liue in
& bee to god most deare (blisse)

6. Is this the way o Christ,
That we tast woe with thee,
that so we may once rule, & raigne
And thy sweet face still see.

7. O lett thy will o lord,
Be done of vs in fine,
And by vs let thy will be done
That still we may be thine.

ON THE SEVENTH WORD.

Father into thy hands doe I commend my spirit.

Luck. 23. vers. 46.

O come ioy of mine hart, 1.
& seaze my soule vvith this,
What is there ought in the vvide vvorld
That cā be more to bliſſe.

Then for my soule to heare 2.
My Christ his soule to giue,
In to the hands of god my lord
There still for aye to liue.

Novve soule thou seest thy bliſſe, 3.
And vvhere thou maist be sure,
To haue thy rest, thy ioy, thy stay
Thy loue, thy life, thy cure.

O blest are they that dye, 4.
They rest from all their care
When once the lord doth sett them free
What Death, or Hell can dare?

5. In his o soule thy Christ
For thine made suite to god
Thou needst not feare the day of (death
Nor graue, nor hell his rod

6. For thou art safe in him
That keepes thy life in store,
And it is hid in Christ thy lord
What canst thou vvishe nowve (more.

7. O soule Die in these vvords
Giue vp thy selfe in fine
To god in Christ, & feare no ill
For he saies, Thou art mine.

To him that made these Hymnes.

WHen with my thoughts I weeve thy (sayntt like muse
How on while drencht in sobs, & (sighs for sinne.
And yet more lowe, the Paths of death doth vse.
There seisd with greef: yet prayes: then (sours euen in
Heauens gate it self: and there true loue, (doth find
And then its Christ doth see, and wep: (his payne
His crosse: his speare-pearst side, his greef of (mind
Thence dumpt twixt ioy, & greef: as: on (half slayne
I muse, euen at thy muse how well: how (fit it lymms.
Its greef, sobs, sighs, & tears, in tunes, in (songs, & hymns

I. P.

To him that made these hymns

THers but one god, that this vvorld one
(hath made,
One Christ, one Truth, one faith, one hope,
(one loue,
To serue this one, in hymns of ones, dost
(shade
Thy zeale, to teach vs that in one vve
(moue.
Loe, as thy hymns be ones, so is thy name
(but odd,
How fit? both name, & hymns doe ioyne
(to praise one god,

Thus ten, & one, in one thou hast nowe
(framd,
That vve in one should keepe the lawe
(often,
Thus by seaven, & seaven thou hast them
(so namd
For seaven tymes seaven day by day vve
(breake them.
Loe, your hymns, of one, Ten, & one, &
(seaven by seaven
Learns, god to laud, his lawe to keepe,
(the vvay to heauen.

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